



THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,028 Vol. 116.

8 November 1913.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Carlyle speaks somewhere in his great book on Cromwell's letters and speeches of a "steadily regimented thing", and of the profound import which must attach to that. A "steadily regimented thing" exactly expresses what goes forward with the force of a high tide in Ireland to-day. Most of us wobble from time to time in our pure party politics: virtually, we must do so if we have not abrogated our intellects—at any rate, we must now and again overhaul our views, question them a little, if only in secret. But this Ulster business simply is a thing about which it is not in us to-day to doubt at all.

We are absolutely, completely convinced that it is a danger of deadly earnest, and that it threatens, unless it is settled, to end shortly in that—to the modern English understanding—almost unthinkable, impossible thing, stark mad civil war. As week after week slips by, and nothing or next to nothing is done, this threat becomes nearer and graver. Civil war would not mean horrible ruin and chaos in Ireland alone: it would grow such a rank, wretched crop of hates and spites throughout England, Scotland and Wales, and the whole nation, that the Empire might easily be shaken and enfeebled for a long while to come.

It is this consideration which increasingly moves us to desire a settlement. Settlements, conferences, and the like, we well know, are not popular things among the fighters. They take the spirit out of men who are longing for the clash of swords—who are in the up-and-at-them mood. But, really, there are exceptions, and one of these is when a quarrel is brewing which positively threatens to shake the Empire. Is the Government going to try to save the situation by

making some offer within the next week or so; or does it mean the country to drift to ruin? Inertness at such a time is a most unpatriotic thing.

Sir Edward Grey is not really, as outwardly he often appears, "a solemn person"; far from it. But certainly he has that rare, perhaps rarest, quality among party politicians which the Greeks would have described as "a high and excellent seriousness"—Matthew Arnold, we think, rendered it thus. It is found in all his speeches, and was not missing from his speech at Newcastle this week. He paid a generous, but perfectly just, tribute to the patriotism with which the Opposition has treated him throughout in Foreign Affairs.

We shall take advantage of this handsome admission: we will make a direct appeal to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He is in the debt of the Opposition. We think he does and will admit that the debt is not inconsiderable. We will ask him to repay it in patriotism. He has the power to repay the debt at once and fully. Will he say that the Ulster movement—which is a movement of the whole Opposition he is in debt to—is a genuine and heart-felt movement, and that, though he is a strong Home Ruler himself, he is prepared to meet generously the claims of Ulster that they shall not be forced into a system they fear and dislike?

In short, will he on this occasion meet the Opposition with the generosity with which he admits they have met him since he took up office? We would much value some response to this question: it is not put for party purposes.

The Government have reverted to silence on Home Rule. Perhaps they think it the safest—in view of their contradictory voices—if not the most heroic policy. Mr. Asquith talked of his predecessor in office and of Juvenal, and of anything rather than Ulster, at Stirling; Mr. Burns talked cheerfully of an election two years hence, and omitted Ireland from his view as completely as he ignored the Land Ministry, which he so bitterly dislikes. The others have held their

peace, conscious that by saying least they do least harm.

Meanwhile, Mr. Balfour's analysis of the crisis clearly calls for an answer—if there is an answer. If the Government will not have a General Election, why not a Referendum? That at least would define the attitude of the country towards Home Rule, and prove, or disprove, the idea that the electorate will support the Government to the verge of civil war. We notice, by the way, that in Mr. Asquith's eulogy of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman he did not single out for notice the "methods of barbarism" speech. Was it because he is beginning to think about his own methods of dealing with Ulster?

The great meeting of business men in Ulster in support of the Covenant is another blow to the Radical pretence that resistance is bluff. At first they said it was only the Belfast mob that was against Home Rule, and that the solid business men of Ulster would not stir a finger for Sir Edward Carson. Now they suggest that the Tory magnates are alone in opposing Home Rule, and that the people are indifferent.

Speaking on the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords six months ago, Lord Dunraven admitted it was a very bad Bill, but advised the House nevertheless to vote for it. The lapse of time has made him rate the Bill even lower, for he writes to "The Times" this week to suggest that it should be recast from end to end. If he continues to think the matter over for another six months, we shall probably find him advising the House of Lords to reject the Bill in 1914. Some minds work slowly, but reach a sound conclusion in the end.

The unhappy federalists have not shown much life since Mr. Balfour gently ridiculed them early in the week, but two or three Scottish Liberals have written a letter favouring the federal principle and Home Rule All Round (not forgetting Scotland) as a cure for all our ills. Nobody has taken much notice of them, even in Scotland; and England, knowing how little importance attaches to native Scotch politicians, has taken no notice at all. Mr. Hogge, the great champion of Home Rule for Scotland, still perseveres.

You may know a newspaper, as you may know a man, by the way in which it apologises for an error. The way of the "Daily News" is shown this week in its apology to Sir Edward Carson for having put words into his mouth in direct contradiction with those he really uttered. Sir Edward Carson advised the people of Ulster "not to risk their lives and their liberties in sporadic riots and in fruitless action". The "Daily News", in an article entitled "Vanishing Civil War", reported this as "Sir Edward Carson advised the people of Ulster not to risk their lives or their liberties in further action".

The "Daily News" does not really apologise at all for having made Sir Edward say precisely the opposite of what he did say. It is hard for those who never have a doubt of themselves to apologise frankly and courteously. The "Daily News" will hardly admit an error—at least, it seems to think the error is so small that only a malignant political opponent would notice it. It explains that Sir Edward Carson was *only misreported in Ireland and Wales*. What surprises us most in this affair is not the sulking discourtesy of the "Daily News," but its political innocence. How did it ever come to believe that Sir Edward Carson really advised Ulster to disarm? It is incredible that any newspaper with any sort of political intelligence could attribute this advice to Sir Edward Carson. Anyone who has any grasp or knowledge of the position in Ulster knows that the words attributed to Sir Edward Carson could not have come from him at this time. It would be less surprising to hear from Mr. Asquith a speech for the repeal of the Parliament Act. The

"Daily News" has shown here the simplicity of people without knowledge or discretion. How easily foolish people believe impossible folly of their opponents!

We are disappointed at the poor result of our three perfectly simple little questions about the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the "Westminster Gazette" last week. It politely but firmly declines to answer them. Doing so, it pays us a compliment which we have not earned. It speaks of our ingenuity and of the way in which we have shuffled up Lord Newton, Lord Wolmer, and Mr. Lloyd George in a hat together, and, presto! out have come our three questions about the last-named and the Marconi affair. We assure the "Westminster" that the three questions have come out without the least skill in conjuring. Simple truth has been our utmost skill.

Let us repeat the three questions, the ingenuity of which so strikes our contemporary:—"(1) Did or did not Mr. Lloyd George accept a tip coming through a Government contractor, on the strength of which he was in a position to make a substantial sum of money on the Stock Exchange? (2) Thanks to this tip, did Mr. Lloyd George, borrowing money at 7 per cent., buy a large number of company shares and quickly sell a certain proportion of them very soon after at a handsome profit? (3) Was this kind of investment or speculation a delicate or proper one for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to engage in?"

We cannot resist the suspicion that, if Mr. Lloyd George had chanced to be a Tory, instead of a Radical, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the "Westminster Gazette" would boldly and promptly have replied to (1), "Yes, he did"; to (2), "Yes, he did"; to (3), "No, it was not". As to the question whether or not these questions are relevant to the dispute between Lord Wolmer and Mr. Lloyd George, we hold they are quite relevant. *They are relevant to any discussion just now as to the conduct and character of the Chancellor of the Exchequer;* and we express a sincere hope that the local newspapers in the towns where the Chancellor addresses his Land meetings this autumn and winter will print them. We think, moreover, that it would be a good thing to ask Mr. Lloyd George to reply to these perfectly simple and straightforward questions on the various platforms he mounts. But the questioner would have to take his chance of being shot out; for questions about Ministers and the Marconi affair are not popular among Radicals.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had the longest and most mouth-filling name of any of our Prime Ministers. To journalists and public speakers it was a nuisance, and it is no wonder that in conversation it was cut down to "C.B.". All political favourites are liable to have this liberty taken with their names, as witness "Mr. G.", "Dizzy", "Pam", or "Old Pam". Fox, Pitt, and Peel admitted of no abbreviation. Mr. Asquith's speech in unveiling the statue of the late Premier at Stirling is an historical cameo. The Conservatives always made the mistake of underrating "C.B.". In 1905 the Tory Tadpoles and Tapers declared that he could not so much as form a Government.

But "C.B." was really a very effective House of Commons speaker, being clear, deliberate, and full of good turns of speech. After he became Prime Minister, he was obviously oppressed with the weight of his responsibility, and took to reading his speeches, which, added to his rapidly failing health, made him, after 1906, unimpressive. "C.B." was another good example of the importance in politics of a large private fortune. A stately style of living, coupled with a genuine indifference to office, awe political place-hunters more than anything else. Campbell-Bannerman was rich; he was lazy; he was a humorist; he could afford to wait patiently until the tide of public favour turned in his direction. That was

his strength, and not his opinions, or the tenacity with which he held them. His weakness was an undue preference for Scotsmen.

Lord Curzon takes a gloomy view of oratory to-day. That there is no living orator but Lord Rosebery is, we gather, his opinion of speaking to-day. The democratic platform has ruined the old art of speaking. Lord Curzon's speech of Thursday was mournful reading, though in point of quality it sometimes suggested that another exception might be found to the general decay. Lord Curzon is still old-fashioned enough to love a good "period".

Tammany in New York has been beaten before; but it has never had so bad a beating as the figures show this week. Is this happy victory final? One is tempted at first to see in it a new spirit in America to match the new spirit in France. Tammany and its bosses stands in America not only for flat corruption, but for a deeper mischief—the mischief that comes from allowing politics to be run by people who have neither the capacity nor the character to be successful elsewhere. The sad state of American politics arises from the fact that in America the best brains and the best character go into business. Politics attract only the second-best brains and the worst character. The corruption of American politics is a natural result of this.

But is there a new spirit in America? The election of President Wilson was a sign, and now the defeat of Tammany is another. Is it only a sudden fit of conscience—the sort of moral panic into which America flies now and then? We think this last election is more than hysteria. The Irish American bosses at last begin to disgust even the rabble they control. The most encouraging thing in this last campaign is the active persistent work of a number of young men of good education and position. It needs hard, unselfish work and great ability to loosen the hold of a group as carefully organised as Tammany. It is the most perfect machine in the world. Tammany was not taken by surprise. It has been carefully undermined, and defeated in detail. We cannot believe that all this careful, good work will easily be undone. Tammany, at any rate, is powerless for the next four years.

What America wishes in Mexico is clear; but we are still waiting to know how far America will go to enforce it. America desires that Huerta shall resign, and that no one connected with him shall come into his place. The public reason for this desire is that Huerta and his friends are bloodstained; that they have asserted their power by violence. Probably this was, at the start, President Wilson's sincere reason; for he has so far shown himself of an honest, but narrow, temper. But it cannot be the sincere reason of anyone who realises the position in Mexico. "The proof of this will turn to ruddy drops" if Huerta is forced to retire. Huerta's bloodshed is finished; his successor's bloodshed is yet to come.

This is precisely what President Wilson refuses to recognise. He still talks of elections and ballots. Elections and ballots will decide nothing in Mexico for many years. Power and character are all that count in Mexico. Huerta has them; and to depose him now throws Mexico back into a condition where anarchy will again bring forward the strong and unscrupulous man; it will compel the armed intervention of America. Some, at any rate, of President Wilson's advisers know this. Their policy is only to be understood as playing for intervention. They are using the amiable prejudices of President Wilson in favour of elections and ballots for their own ends. The wording of the last American ultimatum, or penultimatum, seems to show that President Wilson himself is beginning to be aware that his policy means nothing short of intervention. He asks for fresh elections; and he asks for a

permanent Government democratically chosen. *But the people must not choose Huerta.* This does not look entirely like simple trust in the divine right of the Mexican people.

The Greeks are becoming exasperated by Turkey's prolonged delay in coming to an agreement. This week they have put forth a semi-official hint that unless Turkey closes within a few days Greece "will adopt towards Turkey a line of conduct differing from that she has hitherto followed". The Turks' delay is bad temper, and an opportunist hope that something may suddenly happen in their favour. The present arrangement can only be valid pending a further preparation of arguments and armies. The Ægean Islands are cause of war more than enough between the two parties. Only an absolute order of the Powers, backed by a demonstration of armed force, can keep them long from putting these claims to the test of war.

This week the men in Dublin have foolishly put themselves in the wrong precisely at the moment when the masters have put themselves in the right. There has been another "sympathetic" strike, unprovoked and quite inexcusable. Some men in the employ of a Dublin firm refused to unload goods which the firm was legally bound to receive. The men were dismissed. Immediately all the remaining employees came out, and the factory had to be shut down. These men had no grievances as to wages and hours. Their firm had no connection with any firm at enmity with the transport workers. It is the old, indefensible, bad business of tainted goods.

Nor is this the only case. The performances of a steamship crew in Dublin port were even less justifiable. They had taken aboard a cargo of porter, when a Liberty Hall messenger arrived and told them to unload it. It seems that a sister ship belonging to the same steamship company had carried coal for the tramway masters. The tramway masters being at war with the transport workers, it logically followed that the steamship company was an industrial outlaw, and that the innocent porter of an innocent company was tainted. The porter was put back upon the quay and the ship sailed empty away.

To point further these extravagances of the men, the masters had the day before made the first real step towards a conference. They offered personally to meet Mr. Bowerman, Mr. Seddon and Mr. Gosling. The masters' terms are now equitable and fair. They ask only for an undertaking that contracts shall be observed, and that the sympathetic strike shall not be used against them. The difficulty is that the Transport Workers, as at present led, can give no such guarantee. Before the Transport Workers can be recognised as a genuine trade union it will have to be newly officered and re-organised. What will the English leaders say? The Irish Transport Workers must accept what the English leaders propose. Otherwise the English leaders can withdraw supplies and foodstuffs. In that event the strike could not go on for another week. All now hangs upon the decision of Mr. Gosling and his friends.

When Mr. Bernard Shaw in the Albert Hall last Saturday began talking about the "great traditions of English liberty", many of his hearers must have wondered whether they were awake or dreaming. This part of his speech sounded more like Mr. Broadbent than Mr. Shaw. However, he came down safe at last upon the necessity for law and order. Men of property must stand together.

Mr. Shaw talked brilliant rubbish for many brilliant minutes; and wondered whether he would be arrested. No; Mr. Shaw will not be arrested. He is not dangerous like Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Larkin. Mr. Shaw is only an intellectual. He does not stir the

people to red ruin. He only talks reasonably and well about red ruin. Mr. Shaw will be left at liberty to the end, because Mr. Shaw, as a social missionary, is harmless. The English people have always distrusted men of wit and real intellectual power. They will not follow Mr. Shaw to the Bastille—so why should we shut him up in the Bastille?

The aims of the Cavendish Association are excellent, and if it can succeed in organising social service among university and public school men it will do a great thing. That there is a real need for organisation no one who knows the conditions can doubt. Many young men who have vague desires to make themselves useful are deterred by shyness from putting themselves forward. They do not want to be prigs. They do not know how to begin or exactly how to set about things. So unless possessed by zeal sufficient to lead them to Toynbee Hall their good intentions frequently expire.

To many people social service suggests "slumming", patronising interference with the lives of the poor and the distribution of free dinner tickets. The Cavendish Association aims at removing these vague ideas. It intends to be definite. As Sir Edward Grey pointed out at Manchester, they did not want a general patriotic philanthropic institution without definite aim. They wanted people who were already engaged in public work, and knew what the public needed, to be able to say, "These are the things which want doing, and that is the way we think they ought to be done".

Mr. Caudle was released on Saturday last. We are glad that his sentence was not allowed to run to an end. We did not undermeasure the gravity of his mistake; and we recognised that the verdict of manslaughter was legally inevitable and right. But morally the punishment was out of proportion to the offence; and his release is a formal expression that this is also the feeling of the community at large. Mr. Caudle's release is in no sense a declaration that he was innocent of a dreadful blunder; nor will he, we are sure, so regard it. It is the more lamentable that some of Mr. Caudle's friends have entirely missed the point of his release. Mr. Caudle was never a martyr. Still less was he a hero; and the attempt to make a hero of him on Saturday last was in every way unhappy. We are glad, by the way, that the Midland Railway Company is going to keep Mr. Caudle. He is less likely than any driver living henceforth to neglect a signal.

The French railway accident is strikingly similar to the Aisgill catastrophe, but its results are worse. Disregard of signals was its cause. "I thought I could get through", said the engine-driver, and this naive explanation leads to speculation as to how far this is a practice among drivers of express trains. Do they often trust to luck and disregard signals? The suggestion is extremely disquieting. At Melun, as at Aisgill, the horror of the accident was increased by the gas lighting of the train, and the moral has once more been brought home that electric light should be used on all trains.

The main facts of the Scott Expedition have for some time been public. The publication of the two volumes, "Scott's Last Expedition", reveals a number of intimate details of the story which no one can read unmoved. It is an epic of tragic courage made glorious by nobility and unselfishness. The picture of these men awaiting the end in the tent of death is unforgettable. There is something fine, too, in the fact that with the means of shortening their sufferings ready to hand they decided "to die in their tracks". There are many forms of courage. It is one thing to do a great deed in hot blood. It is quite another calmly and stoically to meet death creeping on one by inches. Captain Scott and his companions were indeed "splendid".

LEADING ARTICLES.

A REFERENDUM FOR ULSTER.

IT has been an unhappy week for the silent and embarrassed Government. They have not answered Mr. Balfour's suggestion of a Referendum; and the great meeting of the business men of Ulster has disposed once for all of the idea that Ulster was wavering.

The Radicals have indeed been unhappy in their dealings with Ulster. At first they assured the world that it was bluff, a kind of passive resistance. Then they said that the Government would stop the whole thing were that not giving the Ulster movement an importance greater than it deserved. Then they discovered that it really was serious, and that the Government could not suppress it if they tried. Now they are beginning to understand that the people of this country would not let the Government suppress Ulster even if Mr. Redmond and Mr. Devlin gave the order.

The gradual realisation of these facts probably accounts for the differing language used by Ministers a fortnight ago; the complete realisation of these facts accounts for their unanimous silence this week. Some minds work more quickly than others: Mr. Churchill, as usual, was first, Mr. McKenna was last. But no Minister will again, in Mr. Birrell's way, turn Ulster into an epigram. Apparently they have not made up their minds what they will do. They have only made up their minds what they will not do. They will not throw off Mr. Redmond by agreement with the Unionists. They will not resign office. They will not have a General Election. They will not drop the Bill. They will only consider suggestions.

What remains? Mr. Balfour has suggested the only other course to those who are frightened both of a General Election and of dropping their Bill. A Referendum would declare the opinion of the country far more clearly than a General Election, since it would decide upon a single issue, and a General Election is necessarily fought on several issues. A Referendum would not lose the Government its place, not a single Under-Secretary would lose his job, not one member of Parliament would lose his seat or his salary. But the country could declare its mind on an issue that the Government obscured in 1910. And if the country is impatient, as some Radicals suggest, to get this matter settled out of hand, a Referendum would demonstrate the mere unproved assertion. If a large majority of the electors were, in fact, to approve the Home Rule Bill as it stands, many Unionists might have to reconsider their position; if a large majority were to disapprove, a Government which professes to follow the people's will could hardly refuse to alter the provisions of the Bill.

What is the objection to a Referendum among the Radicals? Mr. Asquith as a Whig may dislike a new piece of constitutional machinery, but Mr. Asquith as the author of the Parliament Act, Mr. Asquith the constitutional revolutionary, can hardly object to so small an innovation as a Referendum. Mr. Churchill approved a Referendum for woman suffrage; he can hardly disapprove it for Home Rule. Mr. Lloyd George is never tired of praising the democratic institutions of the colonies; let him remember that the Referendum is in constant use in the colonies. Some Liberals object that it is difficult to frame a question satisfactorily under the Referendum, and that the electors would not take the trouble to answer. As to the latter, we disagree, but in any case electoral apathy would tell in favour of the Government, so that objection is invalid when it comes from the Liberal ranks. As to the former, we dispute the difficulty. The Government have taken their stand on the Bill as it exists to-day, and it is upon that Bill as it exists to-day that the Referendum should be held. The simple question, Are you in favour of the Home Rule Bill as it stands being put on the statute-book? would not be an unfair test of the opinion, or an undue strain upon the intelligence of the electors.

The general change of opinion in favour of Home Rule which the Government and the Radical party pro-

fess to have discovered could be easily tested by this means. We should know precisely what districts were apathetic, what districts averse from Home Rule, what districts enthusiastic in its favour. If, as we are told, a large part even of Ulster itself is in favour of Home Rule, and Sir Edward Carson is disowned by many Ulstermen, the Referendum would triumphantly show it, to the confusion of Mr. F. E. Smith and the great glory of Mr. Devlin. If, as we are assured, numbers of Unionists in England want the Irish difficulty out of the way, and believe it can be got out of the way by the present Bill, a number of constituencies returning Unionist members to Parliament will show majorities for the Government on this issue.

Why, then, do Radicals dislike the idea of a Referendum? Assuredly not because they object to a new piece of constitutional machinery. They dislike it because they are afraid of it, because they do not believe their own assertions. They do not really believe that any considerable part of Ulster favours the Home Rule Bill. They do not believe that many Unionists in England favour it, and they are afraid that many good Liberals in England, many Nonconformists and others who usually vote Liberal, dislike and detest it. They are afraid of a Referendum because they believe that it would condemn Home Rule as a single issue even more than a General Election would condemn it as one of many issues. At a General Election they can make play with dear bread, pheasants and cheaper rent; on a Referendum they must abide by the one issue, and the Bill stand or fall by the result. For that reason, because a Referendum would bring their Home Rule policy to a direct yea or nay, and they distrust the result, they are afraid of the Referendum.

Yet these are the people who are going to march troops into Ulster! These men, who are afraid to test public opinion, propose to reduce one part of this kingdom to submission with the resources provided by the rest of this kingdom. These men, who have protested so loudly against coercion when the victim is a Bulgarian, intend to coerce their own fellow-subjects. Is it any wonder that Mr. Asquith is afraid to test public opinion by a Referendum? Coercion will not win many votes in England.

But would civil war be any more popular than the Home Rule Bill? The silence of the Government and the great meeting of protest in Ulster this week have brought civil war appreciably nearer. Perhaps when Ulster has been goaded into active resistance, the Government will at last be driven to test public opinion. They may be doubtful as to the result of a Referendum now, but there will be no need of a Referendum then. Things will have got beyond mending by constitutional means.

GOODBYE THE MEDITERRANEAN!

FOREIGN policy is the most difficult business in the world—possibly this is the reason why the "Foreign Secretary" likes to play the most difficult game in the world, real tennis.

Virtually, outside a little fenced ring, much smaller than the Royal enclosure at Ascot, nobody is suffered to touch, nobody has any real chance to understand, foreign policies—at any rate to understand and follow them exactly and up to date.

It would be very easy to show this clearly enough if anyone for a moment could doubt it. For example, a statesman very high on the list, who himself in the past has moved within the extremely exclusive and charmed diplomatic circle, and is a power in general politics to-day, assured us lately that he had no particular opportunities for gauging foreign policies to-day. He was not "in the know", in short—and all he could do was to recommend the foreign news columns of the daily newspapers for those of the public who aspired to be foreign politicians to-day. And this he said, we have reason to think, not sarcastically but in good faith.

The long and short of it is that, for good or for ill, the general public—including the average educated, rightly inquisitive, and fairly well-posted politician—

is about as much "in the know" and has about as much share in the direction of foreign policies in this country to-day as those γεωργοὶ and τεχνίται of Pluto, who were excluded from all share in government.

Our foreign policies are obscure and exclusive then—so much so that many intellectual people would rather not discuss them, save in a subdued tone and in private places, for fear they should make themselves somewhat ridiculous. And perhaps the obscurest and most difficult of all are the various conflicting policies and questions that relate to the Mediterranean. The man who feels he has mastered the Mediterranean is perhaps only the really great man in knowledge and understanding—or the egregious one. Thus when we read, in this quarter or that, what the exact significance is of the departure last Saturday of thirty British warships—including four Dreadnoughts—for Malta, we are naturally somewhat wary. There may be half a dozen, even a dozen, people in England to-day who know exactly what this move means and who have a complete grasp of all the threads of Mediterranean policies and interests at the present time—though whether they also know with any reasonable certainty what the position of the various Powers will be there in six months' time or a year's time is another matter altogether.

But it happens that there is one fact about the Mediterranean, about Great Britain in the Mediterranean to-day, which is quite clear to understand. Any intelligent man who has travelled in that part of Europe lately, and made some simple enquiries in well-informed quarters, can be master of it. The plain fact we mean is that Great Britain is not now a dominating Power in the Mediterranean if power there is expressed in terms of ship strength.

The enquirer should scarcely go to Gibraltar to investigate; for there he might—though also he might not—find the four strong cruisers; which may be to him a deceptive sign of British dominion in the Mediterranean, even though they are pointing to the North Sea. He should go instead, say, to Genoa. There, a few years ago, without doubt, the British flag did count largely: there to-day it, virtually, does not matter at all. Great Britain has, indeed, as a great Naval Power, a master Power, left those waters. Any Genoese authority can tell an inquirer this—and the Genoese know about these particular questions. Moreover, what the Genoese can tell, authorities and observers in a dozen other Mediterranean ports can tell just as well. The thing is sure; manifest. It is fatuous to deny it. The cruises of Mr. Asquith and of the First Lord of the Admiralty in the Mediterranean do not contradict it; and we do not believe that the cruise of the thirty just announced is going to restore by some magic the old glorious tradition, much less the old reality, of Great Britain as mistress of those waters.

We mentioned this well established and accepted fact—the fact of Great Britain's clean withdrawal—in the SATURDAY REVIEW a few months ago; also that Italy, somewhat mystified and thoroughly alarmed, had resolved to take the law, the shipbuilding law, into her own hands; and that she found absolutely no consolation in the truth that, though England had gone, France remained (to police the Mediterranean), and that, besides France, there was Austria intent on making more Dreadnoughts or super-Dreadnoughts. Since then there have been a few signs that our statesmen are alive to this truth; but we cannot perceive the least sign that any body of public opinion in England is alive to it.

Yet it is, without the faintest doubt, a vastly important truth. No need to grasp all the threads of the Mediterranean question to understand that. One of the big maps that Lord Salisbury recommended—a map with British possessions and spheres coloured red—will make it clear at once to any thinking man, especially if he cares for the name and splendid story of England.

Our object—at the moment—is not to reproach the Government for having left the Mediterranean. Nor even to question that in withdrawing from the South in order

to concentrate more in the North they were taking a necessary course: indeed, it is quite conceivable that, with the inadequate resources at their immediate disposal, they were forced to do so.

It is quite possible—we freely grant it—that the British Fleet *had* to clear out of the Mediterranean in order to be ready to guard against, if needs be, the German Fleet in another place. This may be putting it with brutal plainness—but what gain is there in such a matter by playing in words the game of hypocrisy? That never made for peace between two great Powers.

In this place, and at this time, we only mean to impress on people that Great Britain is *not* a great striking, dominating Power in the Mediterranean. It is absolutely necessary that English people recognise once and for all that Great Britain has left the Mediterranean for good or for ill; has gone, scooted, executed a masterly movement to the rear—whatever it may be.

That is a truth of serious and great moment. It is quite likely that its effects will be evident and tremendous long after our difficulties over Ireland—great and alarming though these truly be—and the Land and the House of Lords and the Suffrage question have passed away.

A HUMBUG ON THE HIGHLANDS.

THE Duke of Sutherland seems to have done very well—seeing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer actually begins a letter to him with “I apologise”. True, he apologises for bad manners, not for bad statements, but when Mr. George apologises to a Duke he must feel the Duke has a strong case. This Duke has an overwhelming one. He has given Mr. George a chance to make good his word, and at least two other Scottish landowners have done the same. To appreciate Mr. George’s difficulties one must recall his language. At Swindon he exclaimed: “What is a Highland forest? It is a place where formerly hundreds of people found a living by cultivating the soil. . . . What happens when you make a forest? You turn them all out, every man of them. You pull down their houses, you burn them. How many acres have you got? . . . Three million acres. And tens of thousands of people are turned out of their homes in order to get sport.”

This rhetoric must be read in the light of the peroration to the Bedford speech—that strange passage in which the Chancellor pictured the Highland valleys bright with corn ripening under the shelter of the re-afforested hills.

The Duke of Sutherland has taken the view that a man who says this sort of thing should have a chance to prove it. He has given Mr. George a chance—given him even two chances. First, he has offered him some 200,000 acres, four-fifths of which are under deer. He has offered it at 22s. 6d. an acre. This would mean a rent-charge of about 1s. an acre, and not even Mr. George on a platform can maintain that a shilling an acre a year can make the difference between a strong peasantry and a howling wilderness. That is a hard hit, but the Duke has hit harder. He refers to buildings on this land. He asks the Government to inspect them and take them over at a valuation. Buildings in a deer forest! Why, Mr. George—clearly remembering the stories about William I. and the New Forest that are told in the child’s history of England—has said that buildings are burnt to make a deer forest. What will Swindon think? Fortunately, the Duke appears to leave the Chancellor a loophole. He reserved the fishing. How can Sutherland be re-populated if angling rights be respected? We can easily imagine Mr. George quoting instances of the damage done to standing crops by greedy salmon. It was too bad of the Duke to have stopped this earth by offering to sell the fishing, too.

But the Duke had more to say. He told the Chancellor that this land was under deer because it was fit for nothing else—hinting plainly enough that if the Treasury bought it for the purpose of experimenting with re-settlement they would be wasting public money.

But to give Mr. George the fairest possible chance he offered him another area, the very area from which peasants were once moved, the area which inspired the Bedford peroration!

This land, only one-fifth of which is under deer, can be had for 25s. an acre—not a twentieth of what it would be worth if half of Mr. George’s schemes were practicable. It seems to us that the Chancellor must accept this offer or eat his own words. There is no room for haggling over prices. If this land is the prospective rich arable that Mr. George has proclaimed it to be, it is a rare bargain at the price.

The Duke’s offer is the best tip Mr. George has had since April, 1912, and he can accept it the more readily because the profits of the investment will be the victim’s, and not his.

As to the risks. They are considerable. The evidence is dead against Mr. George’s deer forest doctrine. Thirty years ago the Liberal Government of the day appointed a Commission which investigated that very charge that the land burster now revels in. It reported that it had found only “one clearly established case in evidence of the removal of crofters for the purpose of adding to an already existing deer forest”. Mr. George is great on shocking examples. He should make the most of this one. There can have been none since, for Liberal Governments have legislated to protect crofters.

“Displacements”, the Commission says, “there probably have been”. But it is at pains to show that the conversion of sheep farms into deer forests as a result of these displacements increases both the number and prosperity of the local population. The report even calls attention to popular errors in this matter, but Mr. George repeats and exaggerates the errors.

There was another Commission in 1892. Its report says: “Though it may be that some individuals are now desirous of settling in these places, we are satisfied that the desire is not widespread, and in any case we are not prepared to make any recommendations as to any part of that area which has not been scheduled”. This unscheduled area amounted to one and a half million acres.

Now, consider Mr. George’s position. He has said that the creation of deer forests is an unnecessary crime. He has been offered a choice of deer forests, as well as an enormous area mainly under sheep. In the Duke of Sutherland’s case, at any rate, the prices are most reasonable. The matter has been referred to the Treasury—which is only another name at this moment for Mr. George himself. What can he do but close with the offer if he ever wishes to stand on a public platform again? That is his side of the case.

Next consider our side. We are tax payers, and to the best of our knowledge the whole weight of expert opinion is dead against the view that the conversion of Scotch deer forests into farms is economically possible. No doubt corn could be grown in Scotland, at a price. Long ago Adam Smith pointed out that grapes could be grown in Scotland, at a price. Doubtless pineapple might be grown there. But at what price? The questions may mean nothing to Mr. George, concerned only to make good in the eyes of the proletariat. But it means everything to us, because we have to pay. And the worst of it is that the Treasury, whose pride it once was that it stood like a dragon on guard over the public purse, affords no security now. For the Treasury is Mr. George; the restrainer of extravagance has become its apostle.

We have always doubted the singleness of Mr. George’s motives. He may start out with the idea of attacking a system in the interests of the poor, but before long he is attacking individuals in the interest of bourgeois social prejudice. All through his speech runs a current of hatred of the landlord because he is exclusive. That is why he has attacked shooting and not golf. Anybody can find some golf club that will take him. We have nothing against golf. It is good sport, and in the bunkers good exercise—though it is worth remembering that the caddie is one of the stock examples of blind-alley occupations. But golf is essentially the sport of the well-to-do—how many “pore old

people" play, for example, on Mr. George's favourite course at Walton?—and where there are golf courses access to land is forbidden to the multitude without any compensating economic gain. And if we are to appeal to other than economic standards, beauty must not be disregarded. There is beauty in a deer forest, but a golf course is usually an ugly thing. Mr. George's own course at Walton Heath is a case in point. The place is still good to look on, but the landscape has suffered by the removal of the heath and bracken that once flourished there in their wildness. It has all been trimmed and disciplined and formalised. The point is one that is not likely to make much appeal to Mr. George. But one of these days a body of town-planning experts may deal with a local golf course as an eyesore. In the South and Midlands thousands of acres are under golf that might be under corn. Within a mile of Mr. George's own Walton Heath there is a golf course formed by the destruction of a farm. We are far from saying that food should be grown wherever it can profitably be grown. Man does not live by bread alone, save in the miserable, hypocritical world of Cobdenism. There is something repellant in the idea of converting the varied delights of our country into the common denomination of pounds, shillings and pence. What we say is that if a balance is to be struck between the claims of sport and the claims of agriculture, it must be struck fairly. We would not have a bourgeois calculator who makes his own prejudices serve as weights in the scale.

SOUTH AFRICA AND EXPANSION.

THE duel between General Botha and General Hertzog goes on, with this difference, if any, that Mr. Hertzog grows franker and more reckless. Where the Premier would rule South Africa to its own advantage, but amiably in respect of the British population and the British Empire, the chief malcontent no longer pretends that he is other than hostile to the British, to their chief industry, to the Empire. "Cursed", in short, in Bon Gaultier's words, "cursed be the whole concern" for Mr. Hertzog, who, unhappily, has sympathisers. Among these—let his former English admirers note this—is Mr. Steyn, and the ex-President of the Orange Free State makes a modest proposal. The Prime Minister he considers too moderate. But Mr. Hertzog (his chief backer has the sense to see) could become leader of the National party only at the risk of all moderate Dutchmen passing over to Sir Thomas Smartt. Wherefore Mr. Steyn proposes that General Botha indeed retire, but a neutral person succeed him. If that fall out, it might well seem a death-blow to the ideal of a real united Africa. Moderate and well-meaning as he is, and is recognised to be, the Premier's unwilling ineffectiveness has almost created another Ulster in loyalist Natal. If, not content with frustrating him for his fairness, his Volk should throw him overboard, then the Devil of Racialism might well have his will with all South Africa. However, "What shall I be doing all the time?" may be General Botha's comment, like that of another hero threatened in legend. The victim is still to be reckoned with. And we have still to test the forces of moderation and conscience among the Dutch. Moreover, the Lord, one day, may take an ex-President to himself.

Meanwhile, the Premier has got hold of a popular cry, likely to serve him with his countrymen, and while wishing him well, we do not like this. 1914, a crucial year for Rhodesia, when the Charter reaches a natural turn, is now in sight, and General Botha once more shouts that Rhodesia must enter the Union. To be fair, he has been consistent in this desire; for when the Convention which brought about the Union of South Africa threatened to be abortive or difficult before its first meeting in 1908, General Botha, then Premier of the Transvaal, declared that if only his Colony and Rhodesia met in conference, he would think the game worth while. His eagerness will not grow less where it is plain that no policy can be more paying. The poor white problem is a skeleton in the cupboard of the Nationalist party and of most Dutch families. Fresh

land to encumber and lay waste anew is probably the worst of cures available. The Report of the Transvaal Indigency Commission made that abundantly clear. But the friends, relations, countrymen of the Bijwoner have a sneaking kindness for that loafer, and no enthusiasm for the industrial remedy; and if the Bijwoner is a curse in the Orange Free State, or the Transvaal, why should he not start afresh in Rhodesia, out of sight, but included in the Union? Rhodesians themselves do not smile upon this view. Some day, when they are strong enough and numerous enough to protect their interests in a Union Parliament, they propose readily and willingly to enter. But development on a large scale must come first, and meanwhile they do not propose to be swamped by poor whites.

Development in Rhodesia took on a visible nearness and vitality from the moment of Sir Starr Jameson's election as president of the Chartered Company: on the morning (Tuesday) of his arrival in South Africa the new land policy of the company was defined. Closer settlement is, at last, to be taken in hand in a defined zone within twenty-five miles of the railways. A Land Settlement Board is created, with elected representatives, and with powers of land settlement which—mirabile dictu!—include the power of compulsory purchase. Undeveloped land is to be taxed, and the proceeds ear-marked for the purposes of the Settlement Board. This implies "a short way" with the companies and speculators, and a key for their "locked-up lands"—about seventeen million acres of the defined area out of a total area of twenty-five millions, the company owning the rest. This land will be allotted to appropriate settlers on the ordinary easy Mining Board conditions, and thereby a chief complaint about Rhodesian land settlement is removed. Loans will be obtainable by farmers on easy terms for agricultural purposes, and much must be hoped from an extension of the educational system of district Government farms. We should like to hear—and perhaps say—more of detailed arrangement for closer settlement. A great natural cattle country which still imports its butter has scope for a humbler type of settler and smaller capital (by smaller ideas) than the present Rhodesian farmer. Meanwhile, the Rhodesian's reluctance to enter the Union will not be lessened as he contrasts the progressive methods of his own Government with the reactionary attitude of those "down below"—talking bravely, as General Botha talked when in England, but taking no step to obtain or welcome British settlers. The Britisher at home likewise may draw his moral.

THE TANGO.

ALL Britain is now divided into three parts. There are those who rave in praise of the Tango. There are those who rave against. And there are those—a quiet majority—who know little about it and care less.

True, it is not easy to preserve a virginal ignorance, since the newspapers and the theatres have made the Tango their own. But many excellent people are really clever in dodging inconvenient knowledge. A few years ago a play called "Ben Hur" enjoyed its day of fleeting popularity in London. A certain great man was asked if he had seen it. "Of course, on the hoardings", was his reply. "But I mean have you seen the play?" "A play, is it? Really, I thought it was some new brand of whiskey." People of this kind note the constant references to "Tango Teas" and "Tango Suppers", but probably connect the word with the idea of some cunningly advertised drink or beef essence.

Those who are at all interested in the Tango, however, are interested very much. The question—is the Tango a shameful and ridiculous dance or a thing of rare grace and beauty?—cuts across all social and party lines. There are sound Tories who applaud, and violent Radicals who condemn it. Serious youth is appalled, cheery senility delighted. It has its friends and its enemies in Mayfair and Whitechapel alike. To express an opinion either way in public is to invite

the most deadly and withering retorts from offended partisans. The pro-Tango party draw all their arguments from the ball-rooms of London; the "antis" rely on terrible stories of the Paris cabarets. They may be left to fight the matter out between themselves. The unbiassed investigator is only concerned with the actual facts.

It is hardly a year ago since the Tango reached this country from South America by way of Paris. It was at first no more than a music-hall freak. But some of those mysterious people who inspire new social fashions were attracted by its sinuous movements and the strange backward kick, and this year it made its way into private houses as well as public ball-rooms. Enterprising hostesses smiled a welcome to the innovation. Dancing, once regarded by young men as the outside edge of boredom, became suddenly popular. The languishing industry of Mr. Turveydrop revived into vigorous life. Everybody, in the limited social sense, began to acquire the knack of swaying and kicking on the approved Tango lines. The resulting spectacle was too much for Hepzibah Countess of Grundy. That lady—everybody remembers her husband's elevation late in Victoria's reign—above the signature "A Peeress", broke out into scarcely coherent protests against the "disgraceful travesties of dancing" to be seen in London ball-rooms. She had a débutante of eighteen—a Miss Podsnap—to protect, and that ingenuous young person's cheek was assumed to be scarlet over the shocking evolutions of the Tango.

Lady Grundy's protest, of course, only advertised the dance, and the Tango has now passed through many of the phases of a popular craze. It holds the comedy stage without a rival. It has conquered the country houses. No great hotel is without its Tango teas and suppers. Millinery and dressmaking have responded to the Tango inspiration; and now even the journalists, the last to discover and the last to abandon a new idea, are beginning to discuss little else. That familiar figure, "the well-known Harley Street physician", has broken out. One side of the street—say the odd numbers—recommends the Tango as an ideal exercise for the middle-aged. It is a fine, healthy exercise, "bringing all the large muscles into play, inducing healthy skin action, and specially useful in cases of confirmed insomnia". The even numbers retort that grim possibilities lurk for the too vigorous Tango dancer—cardiac trouble, and muscular strain and liability to dislocation of the tibia. The "Lancet", too, will soon, no doubt, analyse the atmosphere of a Tango dance-room and prove that it yields an almost incredible number of bacteria to the square millimetre.

The æsthetics are equally divided. M. Richepin gives the Tango a distinguished ancestry and a good character. It is the incarnation of the spirit of the dance, and it comes to us from Pallas Athene, though it has had wanderings since it satisfied the Hellenic instinct for grace. Other voices scarcely less distinguished are raised against the innate savagery of a dance said to betray in every gesture its fitness for the cowboys and gauchos who evolved it. Indian or negroid—Spanish decadence grafted on to primitive animalism—this is the degraded ancestry of the thing European degenerates are not ashamed to embrace. Broadly speaking, the voting follows strictly party lines. The Academician condemns; the Futurist applauds. The school of art that still declares grass to be green is hostile to the Tango. Those who believe grass to be purple, with blotches of blue and yellow, are warm friends of the Tango.

The argument, presumably, will go on until the Tango—danced, photographed, "filmed", blessed and banned—has reached the stage of a generally recognised bore. Then, if it has real merits, it will quietly take its place in the full odour of respectability in the repertory of established dances. Such was the fate of the Polka, the Lancers, the Schottische, and the rest. For the Polka, which so preoccupied Paris that in 1840 the "Times" complained that its correspondence was interrupted, was condemned by Mrs. Grundy (not then ennobled) as a thing of license and contagious immodesty. Even the decorous waltz, the blameless

mainstay of the modern programme, met a storm of opposition when it reached these shores a century ago. The Tango may prove to have no more vitality than the American eccentricities which have had their little day in London, but has an interest for the moment as the expression of the spirit of the age. It represents a revolt from the tyranny of tradition, together with a bewildered outlook on the future. It says in effect, "Give us something new—or at least novel—ugly or beautiful matters not. Anything rather than dull perfection on the old lines."

It expresses, too, the modern passion for youthfulness. The child was curious to know what became of the old moons. A greater puzzle is what becomes of the old men and women. People refuse to grow old; perhaps because they are afraid to. They are like the wonderful one-horse shay, proof against the ordinary process of gradual depreciation. They last so many years, seemingly unchanged and unchangeable, and then—suddenly drop into pieces. Old age is unfashionable, and gravity pardonable only in the very young. It is said that the majority of Tango students are well over fifty. A boy may delight in bluebooks, a Greuze-like young girl may addict herself to the study of Eugenics; but that way fageyism and frumpishness lie for the man or woman over forty. Hence the excessive catering for the youthful in all departments. The newspaper reader who craved for "something about sun-spots" has disappeared. His successor is assumed to be interested almost exclusively in the activities of those mysterious classes discussed in a scientific spirit by Mr. George Grossmith—the "bloods" and the "nuts" and their female equivalents.

And yet the silent majority really cares as little about these things as the honest yeoman under Charles II. troubled about the freaks of Scaley and Rochester. Modern feverishness is impressive enough in the newspapers, no doubt. But most men who have fairly extensive acquaintance will agree that on the whole the British pulse beats as healthful music as heretofore. John Bull is John Bull still, though he sometimes tries in his awkward way to cut a Parisian caper.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

ACRES AND MEN.

BY THE REV. CANON DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

A POETIC friend, coming from the rushing tide of greasy citizenry and the fumum strepitum-que urbis to the great pure spaces of our downs, which close in verdant valleys watered by trout-haunted streams, asked me, "Why does one see nobody about? I believe your fields are tilled by angels." I pointed to one coming out of the "Black Swan", an angel earning, with harvest money and allowances, about fifteen shillings and sixpence a week, and making both ends meet on it, probably, though one would like the ends to suffice for a nice bow in front. Indeed, the countryside has about half the population that it had when Cobbett described this Vale of the Wylde ninety years ago, and he tried to prove that it was then depopulated compared with good old times of patriarchalism. Pheasants have not driven out peasants hereabouts, but free-trade has sent back much of the land into pasture, so that fewer farm-hands are wanted and wages rise but slowly. The chief reason, however, for the exodus to the towns is not economic but psychological. Glittering shops and cheap amusements draw country folk as does a magnet. "It is so quiet hereabouts", they say: the one thing that the jaded town-dweller pretends to himself he longs for. The finest young men, moreover, go into the police or on the railway or to the Welsh mines or to Canada. Those who go on the land begin too late—at fourteen instead of twelve. One would not curtail their schooling, but in well-educated Switzerland the bigger lads are exempt, or the schools are closed, for certain months in each year. English schooling, again, is much too booky, though county councils have tried to do something to connect it with the countryside. The talk of modern rustics and village-wives

may show a higher standard of education than of old, and the halfpenny illustrated paper brings wider interests into their life. But it is almost entirely devoid of poetry and imagination, of natural observation and epigrammatic mother-wit. Fancy twentieth-century country-people originating a proverb, or a cottage mother crooning a home-made song to her babe!

Erasmus once looked forward to the vernacular Scriptures being sung by the husbandman at his plough and warbled by the weaver at his shuttle. What they actually whistle is a music-hall ditty.

In the "New Republic" Mr. Luke, who had been talking about liberal air and sedged brooks and meadow grass, suddenly remembered that to be in a London fog with cultured neighbours was better than to be viewing a golden sunset in company with a parson who could talk of nothing but his parishioners and justification by faith. But "ces paroissiens", possessing votes, have lately interested urban politicians, and whether the agricultural labourer's faith will be justified by the performance of cockney statesmen has yet to be seen. Husbandry is the occupation also that chiefly demands faith. "Last year", said the farmer, "we lived in faith, this year we live on hope, and next year we shall live on charity". Tenant-farmers have not done so badly lately, but land-ownership, on which the Government are trying to concentrate hatred, sowing venomous dragon's teeth in the furrows to come up armed men of class enmity, has found itself, like Issachar, an ass between two burdens. The late Earl of Pembroke declared that he drew no income whatever from his large Wiltshire estates. A farm known to me, which was bought thirty-five years ago for £33,000, has just been re-sold by its owner for £13,500. The old gentry are largely become absentees—"my unhappy country", said the Irishman, "swarms with them"—and they let their ancestral halls to week-ending novi homines, who care little for tenant or labourer and get everything from London. Partly the gentry are to blame—they are seeking pleasure and excitement elsewhere. Partly they have been driven out. A village-overseer told me of a manorial family that would never return. When the parish council was started he had proposed the kindly old squire as chairman, but a Radical grocer jumped up and proposed the Baptist minister, who, on being elected, pointed to the back seats and said to the old man, "Get thee there; that's thy place now".

Mr. Lloyd George is saying it to the whole class of squires. For their own sakes and the sake of every one else, let them clear out. Twenty years ago, Mr. (now Lord) Morley declared that the establishment of parish councils would make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Now, by bleeding the land-owner white, the valleys are to stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing. Conservatives admit that some big change is needed. Not by deer and pheasants, but by the action of economic and social laws, the land is becoming *ἐρημος ἀνδρῶν*, drained of its blood, and the wens, as Cobbett called the towns, are gorged. "Every man his own squire", is the Conservative proposal; the State as universal Junker and over-lord, is that of Socialists. An impersonal power, that will weep at no labourer's funeral and demand its dues to the moment, is to fix rents—shade of Ricardo!—and wages. Of course, prices must then be fixed by law, too. And this from a free-trade and Liberal Ministry! The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the head of the English financial world, dances on the corpse of political economy. Well, we have no passion for its teachings. At the feet of the old Liberal economists we learned all about margin of cultivation, and theory of rent as a surplus after everyone else had taken his share, and "living wage" as that which made it just worth the labourer's while to exist, and the fixed interest on capital, and the profit of the entrepreneur, and the rest of the dismal business. If it is all untrue, and the laws of the universe are only laths painted to look like iron, we, as Tories, care not. We shall only be too pleased if Giles can have his pound a week and Farmer Stubbles—only there

are no Gileses and Farmer Stubbleses in these sophisticated and superior days—can secure terms of tenure which satisfy him. Rating requires drastic revision, and more capital is wanted for good agriculture and housing. Except on large estates the cottages of England are not what they should be. The labourer ought to have more holidays—the Church secured this of old. He needs more security in his employment and dwelling—only, as long as he works in whole or part for a master, he is at an economic disadvantage by being tied to the land, *adscriptus glebæ*. He should have sufficient garden-ground close to his cottage, a good supply of milk, and there should be a playground for the village lads and lasses. It is surprising how difficult it is in many villages to get either milk or a place for children to play in, out of the way of the motors.

The grand mistake made by Liberal reformers is in supposing that driving out the squires and breaking up their broad acres will let in the genuine agricultural labourer. Experience shows that the land is bought up either by some rich man in the neighbourhood or by the bigger farmers, whose rule is not often a good exchange for the feudal one, or by small speculators, or at best by one or two pushing and energetic villagers with savings. These small men cannot afford to be generous to those who work for them or occupy their cottages. The latter are in wretched repair, and the last penny is exacted. Even if a real peasant-proprietorship ever became general in England, we must not allow idyllic pictures of a sturdy, self-respecting yeomanry and peasantry, a great conservative force in the country, to blind us to the sordid and narrow elements of such a régime—the dilapidated villages roofed with corrugated iron and defaced with advertisement hoardings, the absence of large public works, the constant dread of bankruptcy and advent of the moneylender.

The Sweet Auburn of the future will not be a Kate Greenaway kind of paradise.

"HEROIC SAILOR SOUL."

By AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

THE news of the catastrophe which overwhelmed Captain Scott and his companions deeply touched the whole nation both here and beyond seas, and the feeling gave itself expression in the subscriptions which poured in as soon as a fund for the widows and orphans was announced. We believe that the fund amounted to upwards of £75,000 or more. Now the journal* of the illustrious explorer is published, from the departure for the frozen south to the last fatal day. It has been beautifully illustrated by the drawings of his dear friend and comrade, Dr. Wilson. It will be read with intense interest by thousands of people, and will unfold, at nearly every page, the traits of a very noble character.

Looking back to the history of the previous expedition in the "Discovery"—and one must do so thoroughly to comprehend the genesis and success of the greatest and most successful effort in the whole range of polar discovery—we see the gradual development of a young and promising naval officer into a great explorer. It must be borne in mind that the object of Antarctic discovery is the unfolding of the secrets of the great southern continent by means of land exploration, and this can only be done where there is land, not ice cliffs and an ice cap. In this work Scott stands alone with those who have learnt from him. A completely new scheme of Antarctic sledge travelling had to be created, after a study of Arctic methods, and a careful adaptation to somewhat different requirements gained by Antarctic experience. Scott's was a creative mind, and he grasped the whole problem while paying close attention to every minutest detail. But creative organisation is only one of the necessary qualifications of a great polar commander. The gifts of selecting

* "Scott's Last Expedition." In Two Volumes. Vol. I.: "The Journals of Captain Scott." Vol. II.: "Reports." Arranged by Leonard Huxley. With a Preface by Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S. Smith, Elder. 42s. net.

the best men, of acquiring their implicit confidence, of inspiring them with his own enthusiasm and his own dauntless courage were also possessed by our lamented countryman.

The results were the important discoveries made during the first expedition, their complete record, and Scott's book, the "Voyage of the Discovery", certainly the most interesting and the most fascinating narrative in the whole range of Polar literature.

We must have all these previous labours of the great explorer in our minds when we read the diary which has now been published. We must also keep before us his final objects, which were to reach the South Pole, and to further advance our knowledge of the great chain of mountains he had discovered. For hitherto no fossils had been found which could throw any light on the geological history of this region. With these main objects in view the *Terra Nova* left England with a very complete scientific equipment, and a large staff of scientific experts, including three geologists.

In the diary the details of equipment are, of course, not given, nor the original ideas respecting methods of traction, nor the arrangements for pushing one extended sledge party to its goal by means of limited depôt parties. More interesting to the general public are the daily entries recording events, the writer's feelings on various occasions, his praise of the work of his companions, the complete absence of a single unkind word, the feeling throughout, in its reading, that the hand of no ordinary man is guiding the pencil, and the record of the final catastrophe in words of unequalled pathos, flowing naturally from a noble, chivalrous mind.

For details of equipment the inquirers should refer to Scott's "Voyage of the Discovery". There is one point that should be borne in mind, which is our great hero's extreme repugnance to the modern, very un-English system of exploring by the inhuman treatment of dogs. In his first journey he saw the sufferings of the poor animals, which in that instance were accidental and unavoidable. But he was horrified. The modern "departure", as those who adopt it have proclaimed it to be, is for the dogs to do all the work while the men walk or drive or sit on the sledge, the dogs meanwhile being overworked and underfed until they die or are killed for food. This was revolting to Captain Scott. When, in the second season, "he stepped forth in his own harness, one of a party which was dependent on human labour alone, it would not be easy adequately to convey the sense of relief which he felt in the knowledge that there could be no recurrence of such horrors".

Captain Scott was fond of experiments, but his efforts to adapt motor sledges for Polar travelling were no doubt mainly due to his anxiety to put a stop to this horrible cruelty to animals. In his last expedition he used ponies and dogs without cruelty. His plan for reaching the South Pole was most carefully thought out, and was perfect in all its details under ordinary conditions. Ponies and dogs would help to the foot of the glacier, and thence men would reach the Pole, the longest journey on record, by their own efforts. There were three parties: two limited and returning from fixed positions, the last extended party to reach the goal. Every detail was thought out, nothing was forgotten. There were risks, and they knew it. A margin was allowed for detentions by gales of wind or accidents. But such a margin could only be limited. If the detentions far exceeded the margin allowed there would be dangers. With such an organiser as Scott the South Pole would be reached, and was reached. We refrain from doing more than refer briefly to the proceedings of the Norwegians. We feel confident that such a practice will never be repeated. It was not playing the game.

The return journey is a sad story beautifully told. Far more important than the South Pole was the discovery of valuable fossils which may be expected to reveal, to some extent, the geological history of Antarctica, as the southern continent has been named.

On February 8th, three weeks after leaving the Pole, there was one pleasant day, though anxieties

were beginning to accumulate. A very interesting moraine of loose rocks was reached, and a day was devoted to geology. They were under perpendicular cliffs of sandstone with coal seams. Here beautifully traced leaves in layers, plant impressions, and well-preserved impressions of thick stems were found. "The relief of being out of wind and in a warmer temperature is inexpressible."

This was the last cheerful entry. It was not long before their fate was sealed. The Petty Officer Evans collapsed entirely, and, after causing delays far beyond the margin, he died. Then another companion, Captain Oates, broke down through frostbites. He felt that his delays would endanger the rest, but he could not go on. To save them, he left the tent and never returned. The death of a hero! Scott wrote: "It was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far".

Oates had entreated the survivors to leave him, but that was impossible. They could easily have saved themselves by leaving their sick, whose return was quite out of the question. To seal their fate the most extraordinary weather set in, with the temperature 20° below normal, and furious gales. Their last camp was only eleven miles from the depôt, but there would be only death in facing the furious gale. Their last and most heroic deed was to persist in dragging 35 lb. weight of fossils to the very last. With them duty to the expedition came far before their own safety.

The last pages are pathetic beyond words. They reveal a very beautiful character. Here are examples which should be prized by generations of Englishmen for all time. It was a very wise decision to devote the first volume to Scott's diary alone.

In the second volume we see the absence of the guiding hand at once. It contains, however, some very interesting narratives. There is first the story of the winter journey to Cape Crozier undertaken by Dr. Wilson, Lieutenant Bowers, and Mr. Cherry-Garrard, the thermometer ranging from 60° to 77°, with violent snowstorms. The object was to observe the incubation of the emperor penguins. It was the first Antarctic winter journey, and they were absent for five weeks. Scott looked upon it as one of the most gallant stories in Polar history "that men should wander forth in the depth of a Polar night to face the most dismal cold and the fiercest gales, and should have persisted in spite of every adversity is heroic". "It makes a tale for our generation which I hope may not be lost in the telling".

Dr. Atkinson relates the discovery of the bodies and the interment, a tale which loses nothing of its pathos in the simple yet feeling words of the chief actor in the melancholy duty. Lieutenant Campbell gives an excellent account of his perilous adventures, and Commander Evans describes the depôt journeys; while Lieutenant Pennell tells the story of the voyages of the "Terra Nova". There are some abstracts of the scientific work, which was thorough and very important, and of the results, but for the full results we shall have to wait.

On the fly-leaf of one of his note-books Scott had written a line from a work of Bacon:—

"But be the workmen what they may be let us speake of the worke".

This thought influenced Scott and most of his companions throughout. They cared for their work, not for benefit to themselves.

BLAKE AT THE TATE GALLERY.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

WITH Blake it was hit or miss. An inferior artist but a finer technician, such as Rubens, might miss the ultimately important thing more often than not, but he would hit something else so admirably and resoundingly that we should be tempted to ignore the fact that he was scoring on the wrong target. If the man can do so well on this, what does it matter, we ask, his missing the proper mark, which, after all, he probably was not aiming at. So we end by condoning

what under stricter rules would be condemned. But if Blake misses his aim it is all up; he has no surplus accomplishments to charm us with; he aims at one thing only.

More than perhaps any Western painter he demonstrates the essential conflict between, and the inevitable interdependence of, the spiritual and physical. In this lie his greatness and his failure. He is one of the great artists because he strove unceasingly to make palpable the impalpable; he sometimes fails because he neglected to master the physical material in which only could he express himself. I do not think his blemishes are due to sublime indifference or the kind of wilful schematism that marks self-conscious excess; his work shows all through a determination to express wonders as accurately as possible in current phraseology. He struggles with naïve and yet tremendous earnestness to make an academic formula the vehicle of terrible things. Sometimes he is so kindled by the living presence of his visions that he seems actually to work from Nature. Sometimes—who can gauge the conditions of work conceived in such rare altitudes?—he seems but partially to have apprehended, but imperfectly to have assimilated what he saw; then his drawing is that of a man laboriously attempting to reconstruct from ill-stored memory. His knowledge of natural physical form is strangely unequal; he is reasonably sound in the anatomy of certain limbs, suggesting that he had worked from casts and even life. But in attempting more complex poses, twisted torsos, a stooping figure seen in profile or foreshortened action, Blake exposes ignorance. He labours grimly to "get it right", as one says, piling up anatomical diagrams, learned at second hand, sweating to give his drawing a circumstantial look. But his ignorance of form and living movement holds him down, save in those wonderful cases where the actuality of his visions was so sharply defined and so immediately compelling that without a check he could translate it into line.

To Blake, human form and colour were nothing but means; probably he considered them necessary but not interesting instruments. At any rate, he was so little interested that he never troubled to master an expression of them. Search his pictures as you will, you never find a figure painted with enjoyment of its individual physical attractions. In a Rubens or a Titian you feel, though you do not say perhaps, how trivial and boring is the mind behind the lovely mask, but you can excusably go into ecstasies over the luscious quality of the flesh, the subtleties of form, the exuberant delight in physical appeal. The nature of Titian's greatness reduces down to excellence in physical perception; he is, in the type of picture that largely represents him, a Greuze of about 300 h.p. I am not, of course, referring to such pictures as his Louvre "Entombment". Blake's greatness, on the other hand, like Rembrandt's or Andrea del Castagno's, is ultimately as independent of physical appeal as is humanly possible.

But Rembrandt is more efficacious than Blake. I do not think we can account for this by rating his mental calibre higher. No creation of Rembrandt is nobler than Blake's "Eternal", more awful and sublime than his "Satan smiting Job" (No. 10). A mind capable of such conceptions cannot be partially great any more than one with trivial or mean ideals can simultaneously put forth noble work. Rembrandt's pull over Blake is that he solved the problem which Blake neglected; he mastered with untold perseverance the physical medium through which he had to express the impalpable. We have never heard of Rembrandt's "visions", but they must have been as livingly important as Blake's. So, no doubt, were Turner's. But Turner and Rembrandt, thanks to their phenomenal knowledge of Nature, had an individual and uniquely flexible language for expression. Blake, on the other hand, knowing very little of Nature, was all his days condemned to speak through an academic convention. Hence it is rarely that we find a drawing by him not somewhere stamped by period—late eighteenth or early nineteenth century.

The astonishing thing is that with so much against him he triumphed. But, though astonishing, it is quite explicable. The things that interested Blake, what-

ever we call them—mystic, spiritual, or creative—are still but dimly apprehended and so magnetic; it is the physical qualities in Art that cease to stimulate. Then, again, Blake was a great inventor of design; his smallest drawings carry like large mural paintings, and his genius for significant and monumental pattern is remarkable. His high rank as a colourist had not, I think, been generally realised before this exhibition. His cataloguer mentions accidental effects of colour, due to Blake's special method of colour printing. But a bad colourist or a poor one would not get good colour from his palette, however lucky as regards accidents. The "Satan smiting Job" is one of the richest and most perfect achievements in colour that even English painting has produced; it is saturated with quiet unexpected hues which cannot be defined. The same instinctive quality is seen in No. 65, "Nelson guiding Leviathan", which, moreover, is a rare instance of a monster in Art being truly monstrous.

Blake triumphed and won a place with the artists we revere as permanent forces. In this way he might be said to be independent of technique. But had he understood life and the expression of form as Rembrandt, how much more potent and complete had been his Art. That, however, is neither here nor there. What does concern us is this. Blake is one of our greatest artists. So far he is only just represented in the National Collection. He is unique; like Cotman and Crome and Turner he is unparalleled, like Alfred Stevens he is a man that we should specialise in. We all remember what a belated, difficult achievement was our recognition of Stevens. Had it not been for a small band of persistent agitators we might comfortably have let Stevens pass overseas and become unobtainable. We must make it a serious and principal policy to accumulate an incomparable collection of Blake; that should be to the trustees of British Art what building navies is to those responsible for our international security. Everything should be subordinated to this idea; no duty is more obvious. For Blake is English, unique, and relatively accessible, at present. His value now is nothing to what it will be in the future. If we have failed to take our opportunities as regards Cotman and Whistler, if we have not an adequate collection of Crome's great works, if we are letting Rembrandts and Roger van der Weydens leak into America and the Louvre, yet it does not follow that we shall never develop efficiency and method. By this very evening's post, indeed, I received a letter from a duke (his signature in facsimile on the envelope) exhorting me in the name of this same efficiency to contribute to a fund for sports, or rather Games. Some day, perhaps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved by the purest considerations, will "run" a campaign in the interests of taste and education. David of Criccieth shall become Mæcenas. Meanwhile Mr. Aitken's policy of loan exhibitions at the Tate is highly admirable, and his Trustees in encouraging it show their sympathy with his efforts to convert the Tate from a state of passive receptivity into an active educational force. It is not enough that a gallery is a receptacle; its administration should equally consider how to make living and eloquent what it contains. If its contents are Chantrey purchases, why then they must be supplemented by works of serious Art, hired or borrowed.

Mere collection is only half the function of the ideal museum; the other half is communication of sensitiveness and taste.

PRINCIPALLY MR. GRANVILLE BARKER.

By JOHN PALMER.

WHO is the man that can at any moment affirm his complete sincerity? Very few of us are entirely without a genius for pretence which turns us, by no will of our own, into players where we should have expected to be most truly natural. Where exactly reality passes into simulation; where feeling passes into an attitude; where the plain statement of ourselves, in speech or action, passes into an instinctive imitation of the speech and action which is expected of us as being appropriate to the occasion—this boundary is hard to fix. Perhaps

there is no real boundary at all between pretence and reality. That we merely are players is an ancient commonplace of literature; but like every commonplace it is always being freshly recovered.

The thin partition that lies between the real thing and the assumed—nay, the doubt as to whether the real thing is as truly real as its counterfeit—is the theme of Arthur Schnitzler in his great play, "The Green Cockatoo". Praising a work of genius that has just been brutally refused by the English public is not a pleasant job. Pleasant though it were, it would pall by now from repetition. But it is really necessary again to protest against the disgraceful way in which the Vaudeville Theatre has this season been neglected. The "Vaudeville" season began a few weeks ago with the best play by a new author that London has seen since the production of "Rutherford and Son". This play was grotesquely misrepresented in the Press, and wretchedly supported by the playgoer. Next comes a similar story of Arthur Schnitzler's "The Green Cockatoo"—a story for which no excuse at all can be found. "The Green Cockatoo" is a play of genius; it has been most admirably translated; and most ably produced. Mr. Norman McKinnel's playing in the principal part was so remarkably good that for the time being it completely obliterated from my mind the fine reading of Mr. Leon Quartermaine at the Stage Society last season. I am not going to compare these versions invidiously. It is rather late to comment upon a performance which draws to an end even as these words are published. "The Green Cockatoo" must die, all but unsung—by me. But I would urge all English people who claim to be intelligently interested in the European theatre to purchase a copy of this play; to read it very carefully; to realise the full extent of their besottedness as a class; and to make the only amends now in their power to Mr. McKinnel by supporting in their thousands his next adventure.

Meantime, let the English playgoer work off a little of the contrition he should now be feeling by visiting Mr. Granville Barker's production of "The Witch" at the St. James's Theatre. A prefatory warning is necessary. "The Witch" is not, like "The Green Cockatoo", a work of undoubted genius. But it is always an enormously clever play, and the greater moments are well worth waiting for. The total effect neither crushes the spirit with a sense of doom, nor uplifts it with the splendid exaltation that comes into the heart when a fresh glimpse is caught of the inexhaustible tragic beauty of man's will beating down necessity and time. But it leaves one with a sober feeling of admiration for the carefully graduated, logical progress of its theme; for its firm drawing of individual characters sharply silhouetted against their time and community; for a stage well filled, and conducted with exact economy; above all, for the definite picture we at last obtain of a social group collectively cruel, frightened, distrustful, in the grip of unreasonable fixed ideas and wicked attitudes towards life—precisely the social group which is the real villain of many of the great plays of Hauptmann and all the great plays of Tchekoff.

Let me a little further explain. Anne Petersdotter, had she been born in a generation which had a really civilised philosophy of life, would never have been driven to feel, whatever her tragic fate might be, that her sins were sins against nature. For why was she brought to a confession of unlawful witchcraft, of an offence against life and heaven? It was not her native and unprompted conscience that struck into her this terrible conviction. It was the organised and perfunctory conscience of her time and people, merciless and vile, clinging in terror of life to an organised pretence that all life's most vital things were promptings of the devil. The sixteenth century devil of Germany in the sick years that followed the Reformation was life itself, of which men lived in foul and constant panic. Their god was an image of this cowardly fear—a vile distrust of nature, and all that nature prompts and does with mankind. This was the god who smote suggestively into the brain of a woman whose sin was personal only, the betraying of a personal trust, a

mad conviction that life, whose stress had undone her, was an evil thing—the Evil One himself. Her confession of witchcraft was the tragedy of all individuals, in all times and places, who stand from the group and sin against the conscience of the group. The witch's tragedy is, not so much that she is beaten by forces outside herself, as by the conscience of the community acting within herself, prompting her instinctively to accept the cant of her time, and to be false to the instinct of her being. We do not burn our witches to-day. We even forbid them to jump into the Thames on a dark night. But the witch's tragedy, in big and little, is ever the same wherever societies are gathered together. The realities of a "confession of witchcraft", or of a "conviction of sin", have not passed away because the terms are a little changed.

Let not this grave discourse upon the philosophic content of "The Witch" leave with my readers an impression that they are being asked to admire a hard parable. The play is in form a simple story, plainly told. Further, let not any member of the audience which I am urging to attend the St. James's Theatre leave impatiently at the close of the First Act. I do not defend the close of the First Act. It is noisy and crude, a piece of repellant naturalism thrown rudely at the spectator before he has had any opportunity of recognising the necessity of its discordant ugliness. There is neither tragedy nor meaning in the perfunctory scuffle wherein a poor creature, as repulsively made up as lies within the compass of grease-paint, is butted and bundled about, and carried bleeding to the stake, emitting sounds that are an outrage upon the human ear. I pray all my friends when they have witnessed this scene to curb their disposition to be physically ill, and to stay on for the better things which ensue. As a bribe to the people who think that a play is bad for the digestion unless there is laughter to be had, I guarantee that Mr. Arthur Whitby shall be drunk in the second act. Mr. Arthur Whitby knows better than any living actor the difference between being drunk and being half-drunk. There are inexhaustible fine shades in his performance. For the rest, I can only promise, in the production and acting of "The Witch", a general level of excellence that easily comes first in the productions, so far, of this season.

Were it my cue to speak more at length upon the acting, I should have to say a great deal about Miss Lillah McCarthy's really fine portrayal of the principal figure. I believe this is, on the whole, her best performance. The call of the part is naturally suited to her powers. Especially is the meaning stillness of her style suited to portray the visible progress of a dawning conviction that she is doomed to possess and to drive in leash the powers of evil. This is a very memorable piece of player's art, and I hope to return to it at some future time.

THE TYRANNY OF THE EIGHTEEN-NINETIES.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

IT does not do to be too modern. There is a restlessness associated with the things of to-day and to-morrow which, however interesting and stimulating to the curiosity it may be, does not add to the peace, or the elegance, or the dignity of life. That remarkable expression "Fin de siècle", which was applied to so many things and people and ideas twenty years ago, contains in itself a germ of experience which is constantly renewed and repeated. The Eighteen-nineties were an extremely modern period—much more modern, in fact, than our own day. For either we have learnt the unseemliness and discomfort of being too modern, or else—what is perhaps more likely—the beginning of a period can never be quite so highly civilised, so developed, so up-to-date as the end of the period which immediately precedes it. And although the century is a mere computation of figures, although its beginning and end are mere marks on a printed calendar, yet it does seem as though the universal idea that at the end of a century we pass out of an old state of affairs into a new is not without its effect on the intellectual and

artistic life of the community. In the Eighteen-nineties the nineteenth century was old and burdened with life and experience; it had outlived its innocent wonder at machines, at vast buildings of crystal or other ware, at travel by railway and the glories of the seaside; it had become blasé with mere physical experience, and turned to the remoter regions of art and intellect as a stimulus to excite and entertain its wearied imagination. Hence, perhaps, the remarkable efflorescence of intellectual and artistic activity which made the last decade of the century remarkable. The first decade of a new century, on the other hand, seems too youthful; too business-like; too much devoted to the setting of things in order to be productive of any great blaze of intellectual activity. It is like the morning after a great ball; memories of the scene, the glamour of the lights and the rhythm of the music are still with us; we are haunted by the faces of those who shone upon us in bravery and beauty; and we are for the moment too much occupied with agreeable or romantic reminiscences to realise that their day is over and ours is already with us, and that we too must bestir ourselves before the fall of night.

I have been moved to these reflections by a perusal of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's book, "The Eighteen-nineties", which Mr. Grant Richards has just brought out. It is a comprehensive review of art and ideas, artists and writers at the close of the nineteenth century. It is a difficult subject; and it is due to Mr. Jackson to say that he has treated it with considerable skill. It is a genuinely honest piece of compilation, and, more than that, there is evidence that the author has really envisaged and studied and absorbed his subject into his mind before beginning to write about it, so that out of his diverse material and scattered threads he has woven something like a fabric which very truly represents the colour and texture of the period. One solid quotation will serve as a sample of his quality:—

"The Eighteen-nineties were to no small extent the battle-ground of these two types of culture—the one represented by 'The Yellow Book', the other by the Yellow Press. The one was unique, individual, a little weird, often exotic, demanding the right to be—in its own way even to waywardness; but this was really an abnormal minority, and in no sense national. The other was broad, general, popular; it was the majority, the man-in-the-street awaiting a new medium of expression. In the great fight the latter won. The 'Yellow Book', with all its 'new' hopes and hectic aspirations, has passed away, and the 'Daily Mail', established two years later, flourishes. In a deeper sense, also, these two publications represent the two phases of the times. The characteristic excitability and hunger for sensation are exemplified in the one as much as the other, for what after all was the 'brilliance' of Vigo Street but the 'sensationalism' of Fleet Street seen from the cultured side? Both were the outcome of a society which had absorbed a bigger idea of life than it knew how to put into practice, and it is not surprising to those who look back upon the period to find that both tendencies, in so far as they were divorced from the social revolution of the Nineties, were nihilistic, the one finding its Moscow at the Old Bailey in 1895, the other in South Africa in 1899."

It has been the lot of the Eighteen-nineties to extend their influence till it has become something like a tyranny. Some of its names have become symbols—of what, many people who have a superstitious reverence for them would be unable to tell you. Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde and the dozen or so of lesser names which belong to the same group are taken by many people who never study their works as examples of the highest possible culture. If you go into one of those charming drawing-rooms in London which are lavishly and yet with unerring taste furnished to express the most recent and most harmonious note in luxurious cultivation, you will find, representing literature, books of the Eighteen-ninety period exquisitely bound. When the room has been decorated, the priceless old furniture installed, and the few rare pictures exposed to the greatest advantage, and my lady looks round the room with a view to finishing touches and a note of intimacy,

and decides that a few books beautifully bound would look well in a certain place, it is not some really contemporary artist whose works are chosen, but, almost for a certainty, one of the Eighteen-nineties; and if the lady have pretensions to a special degree of artistic enlightenment, she will have a complete set of the "Yellow Book". But she will never read it, and will probably remain ignorant of most of its contents except the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley. The Eighteen-nineties really made such a commotion that people do not seem to realise that anything in art or literature has happened since. They buy the books of the Eighteen-nineties; they get ours from the library. Of course it was a wonderful time, an era, in Mr. Jackson's words, of hope and action, when people thought that anything might happen; they were breaking away from convention, and were trying life for themselves and threatening to lead their own lives. "The snapping of apron strings caused consternation in many a decent household, as young men and maidens were suddenly inspired to develop their own souls and personalities."

All this is commonplace now; we are free in a way that no civilised nation has ever been free before, and for part of our freedom we have certainly to thank the Eighteen-nineties. But that is no reason why they should continue to tyrannise over us. When inspirations and affections, even the most cherished, become a burden and a yoke, it is time to throw them off; and just as under the stimulation of this movement the staid Victorians were impelled to throw their mahogany into the streets, so the day has come when we must abandon the Eighteen-nineties to the judgment of time and, deposing them from the dignity of a cult, leave them to their place in history. Mr. Jackson's book ought to make an admirable guide to those who would study the period seriously and, forgetting its nonsense and affectations, appreciate and admire what there was of solid merit, beauty and invention in it.

Real indeed was the beauty of the best of it; and the survivors of that great period who live and work among us to-day are the richer, in their maturity, for the period of extravagant youth through which they passed. It is no disparagement of its excellent qualities to suggest that for the present we have had enough of it. There are fashions in art and in what is considered great and beautiful in literature, as there are in lesser things, and it is not good to be dominated by the fashion of a bygone day. It suggests comparisons with living art, it invokes standards, which are an injustice to both. The great merit of the art of the Eighteen-nineties was its courage, its freshness, its escape from convention and the domination of other periods, its determination to be itself. In so far as they are influenced by its form (which quickly grows old-fashioned) rather than by its spirit, the workers of to-day are guilty of a weakness for which the most decadent, crocus-robed, scarlet-sinning poet of the period would have laughed them to scorn. It is, perhaps, in creative art alone that it is a real fault to be old-fashioned; for it means that the artist is not wholly alive to the environment in which he lives and from which his true inspiration should be drawn.

THE FAILURE OF ATHENS.

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

MR. FERGUSON'S seven lectures on Greek Imperialism* are a happy example of the modern point of view towards the ancient history of the Mediterranean World. The classical tradition of the Renaissance regarded the Greeks and Romans as the producers of two great literatures. It was only through the literatures that Greek and Roman history had any existence. It remained a chaotic thing, like beautiful fragments of a statue lying apart for centuries before an artist's eye discovered the torso to which they belonged and restored them to it.

Mr. Ferguson is one of these artists, and his book one among several recent specimens of the work they are doing. If we compare it with Zimmer's "Greek

* "Greek Imperialism." By William Scott Ferguson. Constable. 8s. 6d. net.

Commonwealth", for example, we find that both writers vehemently repudiate Plato's and Aristotle's treatises as authoritative for the study of the City-State. Moved by the modern preference for experiment as against theory, they test the objective evidence of narratives and documents, not by the theories of contemporary political philosophy, but by their knowledge of similar growths in other periods of history, such as Mediaeval Italian towns or even English public schools.

Ancient history is a mosaic of which half the pieces are missing. By comparing it with another mosaic of similar pattern, a skilled worker can at least outline a reconstruction of the lost parts. But he can make his restoration in much greater detail if he can rediscover the theme of his own mosaic, the *motif* which once ran through all the parts of the now fragmentary pattern. This theme modern research has found for the Græco-Roman phase of ancient history in the phenomenon of the Polis and its problems.

Mr. Zimmern starts with the germ of the Polis, and follows its differentiation in several cases, finally concentrating on Athens, and studying in very great detail her attempt, in her "Alliance" or "Empire", to create a political organism on a larger scale. He ends with her failure.

Mr. Ferguson's book deals with the same problem. But he does not aim at detail, and so covers the whole course of Greek history. The most interesting and original part of his work is reached when we come to the Macedonian period. Here the treatment is fuller, and naturally so. It is a period little touched by the ordinary classical education in this country, because the literature that survives from it is fragmentary and second-rate; while it offers special attractions to modern research, because of its historical importance. There are no two centuries which can teach us more about the political capacities and limitations of the City-State than those which intervene between Philip's conquest of the Phocians and Mummius' conquest of the Achæan League.

In his fourth lecture Mr. Ferguson looks for the guiding principle of Alexander the Great's Imperialism, and finds it in the reconciliation of the Polis with the world monarchy through the ancient Oriental conception of the God-King. City-states might prefer destruction to obeying the will of a tyrant-man or a tyrant-city. They could not reasonably rebel against obeying a god. "From his point of view, his rule was legitimatised when he was enrolled among the deities recognised by each city; from their point of view, by deifying Alexander they escaped from the intolerable necessity of obeying the commands of a foreigner."

The attitude of the fourth century conservatives had been defensive: they only sought to preserve the independence of the tiny, isolated, struggling Hellenic communities, whom Nature had exclusively endowed with the gift of city-state life, against the unredeemable chaos of barbarian kings and nations which threatened to engulf them. Alexander's programme was not only to reconcile the city-states to himself, but to carry the gospel of the city-state among those who as yet knew it not. Alexander shared with Plato a belief in the absolute superiority of Hellenic culture. He differed from him in regarding the barbarians as capable of Hellenisation, and in caring more to make the Persians civilised than to leave the Greeks autonomous.

This militant ideal of multiplying city-state organisms throughout the world, realised by political forces and organisms external to the city-state, is the second phase of Græco-Roman History. If Athens in the fifth century became the "Education of Greece" by perfecting the autonomous city, Rome won the empire of the Mediterranean because the municipality was a better reconciliation of Polis and empire than any of the institutions of Alexander and his successors. Mr. Ferguson examines these institutions severally. He begins with the Empire of the Ptolemies, perhaps the most apparently successful of Alexander's heirs, because they contributed least towards the solution of his policy. Their problem was essentially that of

governing a native race. Egypt was the largest country in the Mediterranean inhabited by a homogeneous race, and united under a single system of government. The king had always been divine. The population was seven millions, and the peasants were serfs of the king, for the ownership of the land was exclusively royal. The fiscal organisation, through the experience of centuries, had been adjusted so as to drain the entire agricultural profits of the country into the royal treasury, and most of the commercial and industrial profits went thither likewise, for the king had also the monopoly of producing and selling the chief necessities of life. The Ptolemies thus possessed a direct revenue and a centralised administration which might have been the envy of any other ancient Mediterranean government. What the realm lacked was a civilised Greek population, and the secret of their policy was the attempt to buy Greek men with Egyptian money. The Polis languished on Egyptian soil. The only three established there—Alexandria, Naucratis, and Ptolemais—had neither a vigorous life of their own, nor an appreciable effect on the surrounding native population. The Ptolemies' instrument of Hellenisation was ultimately their immense Greek standing army. The purpose of their transmarine possessions, a chain of naval stations and fortresses round the coasts of the Ægæan and the Levant, and of the naval supremacy which secured them, was to keep in touch with the sources of Greek immigration into Egypt, and to prevent their exclusive control by the much nearer continental powers, Macedon and Asia. The loss of their foreign empire, and the transformation of the standing army into a feudal militia, initiated the decline of the Greek and the revival of the native element, which coincide with the decay of the dynasty itself.

The truest disciples of Alexander were the Seleucid kings of Asia. Their achievement is the foundation of cities, most of which reached their zenith long after the disappearance of the dynasty that founded them, some of which have retained their greatness till to-day. North Syria became a new Macedonia; Anatolian Hellenism, so long a fringe on the Ægæan coast, now penetrated deep inland along the great Eastern road. The motley populations were less individual, less capable of resistance against Hellenisation than the Egyptians. We find wholesale conversion of priestly communities, feudal domains, groups of royal villages, into city-state territories, with a Hellenic nucleus and a large native territory set under its tutelage. Here, again, failure was due to the inadequate strength and inferior quality of the Greek immigration. The ideal of the dynasty may have been an empire entirely parcelled out among Greek city-states, with Greek local self-government, and a national Greek army formed of city contingents. But when Antiochus the Great challenged Rome, the empire was still an agglomeration of satrapies, and the army a combination of mercenary regulars and barbarous levies, which easily succumbed to the national army of the Italian federation.

The Antigonid kings of continental Greece had the strong Hellenic population of Macedonia, with their national feeling and personal loyalty to the dynasty, as well as the city-state area in the south of the peninsula, where the Polis flourished on its native ground. Unfortunately, the tendency towards unity did not here result in the subordination of all the cities to a single empire, but in a compromise. They were formed into several federal groups or "nations," whose rivalry was so intense that even the appearance of the "cloud from the West" did not draw them into a compact league against Roman aggression. The formula of the God-King could never be acceptable to the European Greek. Athens would never take on a relationship by which Laodicea had been bound from her origin. The autonomous ideal was too strong. "To destroy the political identity of a city was like taking human life."

With the failure of Macedonian Imperialism, Mr. Ferguson ends his lectures. But for the study of the Roman Imperialism which followed it they have great

value. Rome conquered the Greek Empires in that struggle for existence which is the theme of Polybius' History, because she realised successfully the several policies of them all. She federated the Italian nation while the Antigonids were failing to federate the Greek: her colonies and municipalities in Gaul and Spain permanently converted the "pagan" native populations to Latin nationality and city-state life, while the Seleucid cities succumbed to Persian and Arab. And the Imperial cult which Augustus borrowed from Egypt became a world-religion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CRISIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bishops Teignton, S. Devon,

5 November 1913.

SIR,—I have been reading your article on "The Crisis", which surveys with a kind of tragic lucidity the possible loopholes by which the nation may escape from the situation into which it has been manoeuvred by the Government and the Government's masters. Ministers now admit that the danger which they have treated as a phantasm is the one dominating fact. They do not like the look of the fence as they get near to it. That which was mere bluff in July has become a serious menace in November—to the Premier the theme of oracular profundities, to Sir Edward Grey a problem for serious argument. It is a rapid and astonishing change in the mental attitude of the Government, and only poor Mr. McKenna seems to have been left uninformed and unilluminated. From the first a few Liberal publicists have seen the reality of Ulster feeling, but they have been the scorn of their party; and it would be interesting if we could learn the cause of the Government's change. All we can be sure of is that it has coincided with the change from public apathy to public absorption. At the present moment the brains of a whole people are at work, attempting to find some means of escape from the looming horrors of a strife that would be cruel and wretched to those immediately concerned, and infinitely dangerous to the whole State by the strain it would put on the discipline and obedience of the Army and Navy.

Mr. Lloyd George, most *rusé* of prophets, has, of course, a gigantic counter-attraction; but if the Unionists are resolute they will hold the public mind fixed to "the instant need". Let us at least be sure that this great danger is avoided before we discuss the last word in Utopias. Mr. Winston Churchill, equally of course, has a solution—for what problems of air, land, or sea would he not find you a solution in twenty-four hours? But I do not think his solution is to be lightly set aside. If I interpret rightly the famous Ladybank ambiguity, when Mr. Asquith said that he would recognise no permanent bar to Irish unity his cautious mind was dwelling on a scheme by which Ulster might be excluded from the Bill, with the proviso that she should be given the option of entering the charmed circle of Irish Nationalism if at any time she should desire to do so. On paper that would be no permanent bar to Irish unity, and the author of the preamble to the Parliament Act attaches no small importance to what appears on paper.

It is true that such a solution as this would involve muddle, but a good deal of muddle can be endured if the only alternative is civil war. It is true also that Mr. Redmond would be indignant and Mr. Devlin enraged, but I do not think it is true that such a scheme would mean the betrayal of the loyal minority in other parts of Ireland, as their most powerful protector would be an independent Ulster. Infinitely preferable to all such schemes would be the continuance of the Union under which Ireland has prospered of late years more than any country in Europe; but, if an Irish Parliament be inevitable, I think Unionists should consider any scheme by which the betrayal of Ulster may be avoided.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

WALFORD D. GREEN.

MR. ASQUITH AND THE POSITION OF IRISH UNIONISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westcliff Lodge, Bournemouth,

6 November 1913.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith, in his speech at Ladybank, remarked that, "If Ulster is entitled to resist Home Rule by force of arms, what possible answer could be made to a like claim put forward by the mass of the Irish people if they should be

frustrated in the prosecution of a perfectly constitutional demand?"

Well! That is easily answered. Ulster resists because she considers that the placing of Protestants, and a Protestant people, under a Roman Catholic government—which would certainly not be tolerated in England, Wales, or Scotland—can only put back the clock, through re-starting religious strife, now happily non-existent under the Union. Nor can these forget the specious promises held out to them by Mr. Redmond, before the Local Government Act came into being, but which have proved in practice so much waste paper. If, on the other hand, the country again decisively rejects the Home Rule Bill for the third time—so soon as it is referred to them by Referendum or at a General Election—then the majority in Ireland have absolutely nothing to fear through remaining under the Imperial Parliament—and certainly nothing to fight for—as their liberties are safer under it, while England's wealth remains ready to help them financially at all times. The two cases are in no way analogous.

The Prime Minister further said: "There is no scheme for the adjustment of the position of the minority in Ireland which I am not prepared to consider with a perfectly open mind". If, then, it is true, as he says it is, that he is not the servant of Mr. Redmond—who has recently vetoed all idea of conference, and ordered the Government to go full speed ahead—is it too much to expect that he will suggest at the conference with Opposition leaders that a proviso be placed in the Bill insuring to Protestants and those with any property to lose, far more representation than they have under the present Bill; a higher franchise, also, as being more appropriate to an almost illiterate electorate; and a further proviso that the land and property of all Protestants shall be entirely exempted from the power of the proposed Irish Parliament.

Were Mr. Asquith to suggest in good faith some such safeguards to the Opposition leaders, it would at least help to convince Irish Unionists that he really appreciates their just fears, and that he is not being dictated to by Mr. Redmond, who now alone keeps his Government in place and power.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Would it not be wise to realise that Mr. Lloyd George is neither a prophet nor a blackguard, but just a fairly honest "politician on the make"?

A cunning, country lawyer finds he has the "gift of the gab", and can titillate the long ears of the wastrels and the discontented; and, as votes lead to office and its emoluments, who dare blame him for doing almost anything to obtain it?

When he spoke of himself as a "comparatively poor" man, he was comparing himself with his friends the dukes: but the truth is that by having secured office and a pension, he is a rich man—remembering what he could have earned at home.

Why not also recognise a genuine philanthropic feeling at bottom of his "Limehousing"?

It is so easy to be generous with other people's money! Vindictive legislation has impoverished many worthy folk, and the thrifty are mulcted for the thriftless; but the wastrel has gained! Why not he? Democracy has been so much pandered to for sake of votes that all they think of now is to get something for nothing, and many do not trouble to think whether, in a land like this, where, on account of hostile tariffs, we can only survive by producing more cheaply than others, all the increased burdens on capital may not finally ruin the country.

The point for Unionists is not to malign Mr. George, who is playing his own game quite fairly, but to open the eyes of his dupes to where he is leading them.

Yours truly,

SENEX.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S AFFORESTATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Colonial Institute, 27 October 1913.

SIR,—When Mr. Lloyd George, in the course of his speech at Swindon, declared that he had never set foot in a deer forest he undoubtedly spoke the truth, for his Arcadian sketch of the population, "got back to the land and provided with winter employment in looking after the forests, and summer employment in cultivating the valleys", is more suggestive of the twelve washed men for the Hon. Samuel Slumkey to shake hands with at the Eatanswill election, or Nathan's happy and contented peasantry sup-

plied to dance round a maypole on the stage, than of the product of any well-considered and practical scheme.

"Afforestation", in Scottish parlance, does not mean planting forests, as Mr. Lloyd George appears to think, but clearing land of sheep, for its conversion into deer forests, which grow little or no timber except copses of natural birch. The only forest trees able to thrive are Scotch fir, and these, after twenty-five years or so, might attain sufficient value as pit props to pay for the cost of felling, sawing into lengths, and exporting. They require no "looking after" during their growth, except perhaps occasional thinning, and the only assistance the "population" would be able to afford them would be to water them with their tears in a season of drought. Moreover, during the winter the young trees would be buried deep under the snow. As for summer cultivation, if ploughing up the rich land in the straths is meant, this would be sheer madness, for not only is it a rare occurrence for corn to ripen in the Western Highlands, but the heavy spates common in these valleys would sweep away all the husbandman's labour; and the failure of the Duke of Sutherland's costly reclamations at Shinness may serve as a lesson to those minded to cultivate the hill sides. Where the Duke failed, the "farmer" is not likely to succeed, still less are importations from the slums of Glasgow or Birmingham.

The end of the experiment would be that the colonists, having nothing to turn to in the winter, would have to be fed at the expense of the public, already heavily mulcted to defray the cost of their housing and equipment, until those who have not returned in disgust to whence they came would perish under the malign influences of the Scottish winter climate and Scotch whisky.

Yours,
W. J. GARNETT.

THE LAND AND THE COTTAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wetheringsett Manor, Stowmarket.
1 November 1913.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your query as to who is responsible for the great scarcity of accommodation, I should say the landlords have not kept abreast, owing, I presume, to their being financially unable to do so; and they are certainly responsible in many cases for the present unsatisfactory state of those cottages at present in use. Under the new proposed scheme it is not stated what steps will be taken to put these in order.

Yours faithfully,
H. T. MORGAN.

JUVENAL AT A CABINET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 November 1913.

SIR,—Last Saturday Mr. Asquith gave a welcome denial to the idea that Latin is out of date, by including in his tribute to Campbell-Bannerman a reminiscence of Juvenal. It appears that Gladstone's Cabinet of 1892, which contained a number of distinguished classical scholars, had a dispute concerning the true reading in a line of Juvenal. Most of the big classical guns were in favour of one reading; Campbell-Bannerman, almost alone, favoured another; and the text that was procured proved him right. Mr. Asquith, one of the errant majority, explained that the line was in one of the Satires not ordinarily read in schools.

I notice that in his speech he did not give the actual Latin. Perhaps he doubted the form it might assume in the press, or even remembered the "solvuntur risu tabulæ" ventured by Sir William Harcourt, which appeared next morning in one well-known paper as "solvuntur tabula rasa," a maxim worthy of Ouida in her wildest days.

May one conjecture that the line quoted was from the end of Satire X.: "Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia." But Johnson (Boswell's Life of him, year 1783) quoted: "Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia." and, further, made the conscious variation "Nullum numen adest, ni sit prudentia." Now, Johnson's quotations, often slightly inaccurate, have a way of impressing themselves on the reader, and may have suggested that "abest," unknown to every English text that I have consulted, is the right reading. As a matter of fact, "abest" has MS. authority, and one likes to think that this was the line in question, because—after adequate research—it would justify Campbell-Bannerman and all the eminent classics as well.

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia" is the commonest

misquotation from Juvenal, who (Satire XIV., 47) wrote "puero."

Mr. Asquith's story of Campbell-Bannerman replying to a voter who said he would rather vote for the devil, "As your friend is not a candidate, you might just as well vote for me," is apt, but the jest is hardly novel. It belongs to Lord Henry Bentinck, brother of the fifth Duke of Portland, according to "A Budget of Anecdotes"—an excellent collection published more than thirty years since. But the same answer may have occurred to both. I would not suggest, as Sheridan did in his reply to Dundas, that the Right Honourable Gentleman was indebted to his memory for his jest.

Yours sincerely,
VERNON RENDALL.

MR. CAUDLE'S CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 November 1913.

SIR,—Lord Selborne's argument may be good law, but is it good ethics? Philosophers tell us that there is no virtue like necessity, and every engine-driver knows that it is a necessity that he shall look after his signals. If there are extenuating circumstances in Mr. Caudle's case, it must also be admitted that these circumstances involved sending sixteen persons unwillingly to their deaths. Lord Selborne will admit that he plans his work and pleasures for to-morrow on the assurance that the earth will not suddenly stop its revolvings, and precipitate him into space. And, in the same way, persons take their seats in the railway carriage assured that the engine-driver will not forget to look out for the signals, since upon his doing this depends the safety of their lives.

Again, the sentence inflicted on Mr. Caudle was not a chastisement but a blessing, for to him imprisonment was a public act of admission of his mistake, and to some extent would be a means of lifting from his mind some of that mental suffering we all know he endured. But the railwaymen's union, having called in the Government to reverse the decision of the law, have told the country that it is Mr. Caudle and not the victims of his mistake to whom pity should be given, and they have thus created a precedent for which the country will certainly have to pay dear in the future.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
WILLIAM POEL.

A BORDER MEMORIAL OF ANDREW LANG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fairnilee, Galashiels.

SIR,—Many of the friends of Andrew Lang have desired to see some simple memorial of him in the countryside which was his birthplace, and which he always held in the most affectionate memory. He had no love for memorials, but we believe that he would not have been averse from such a tribute from his own people. At a meeting held in Selkirk, which included a number of his old schoolfellows and lifelong friends, it was resolved to erect a tablet with a medallion in the Selkirk Free Library (which he opened in 1889), and to give his friends outside the Borders the opportunity of subscribing if they desired. It is the intention of the committee to devote any surplus to some object in connection with the study of Border history and literature. Subscriptions will be limited to two guineas, and should be sent to the honorary secretary, Mr. J. Strathearn Steedman, Solicitor, Selkirk.

I am, etc.,
ALEX. F. ROBERTS
(Chairman of Committee).

ETON MEMORIAL TO ALFRED LYTTTELTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 October, 1913.

SIR,—May we avail ourselves of your courtesy to inform Old Etonians that the fund for the above mentioned object will be closed at the end of the year?

The undersigned have been asked by Mr. Balfour to form a sub-committee to consider the question of the disposal of the surplus funds, after providing for the cost of the portrait in the School Hall, Eton.

Yours faithfully,
MIDDLETON.
IAN MALCOLM.
A. C. AINGER.

Contributions should be sent, and cheques made payable, to Mr. W. Clay, C.E.A. Rooms, High Street, Eton.

REVIEWS.

A GIANT—AND SOME PRIGS.

"The Works of Tennyson." With Notes by the Author.
 Edited, with a Memoir, by Hallam Lord Tennyson.
 Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

THE appearance of a complete Tennyson in one volume with the addition of notes and a memoir suggests some ready reflections to the lover of poetry, even when it is Victorian, and the reader of comments on it, even when they are late Georgian. Is Tennyson really negligible; is his message (blessed word!) out of date; and have the ingenious young prigs who pour scorn on the giant's work any comparative standard of merit worth consideration.

Tennyson's fortunate and exceptional career has had an unmistakable influence on his subsequent reputation. By 1850 he was Laureate, and his fame was made by the exquisite harmonies and philosophic thought of "In Memoriam". He lived till 1892, and wrote constantly till the end, retaining his powers to an extent unusual among men of letters. For a parallel we have to go back to the old age of Sophocles. Few, indeed, of the band of real singers have had assured success for a generation, and many a biographer has to excuse that misfortune which is needed, according to the bitter French saying, to make talent into genius. But Tennyson was physically a man of splendid strength, and he was carefully protected from the world's rebuffs. His muse was fostered by seclusion; his moods and glooms were respected. A passionate genius could hardly, perhaps, have enjoyed his placid, English country life, and would have sought greater adventures and more than selected friends.

A prophet who is in any way protected, or a poet who makes a great deal of money, is in so exceptional a position as to create jealousy and suspicion. Truth to tell, Tennyson was somewhat spoilt in his later years. He needed more critics like Mrs. Cameron, with her "Alfred, they come to see a lion and find a bear". He had every chance to become a colossal egoist. But the essential nobility of the man avoided that, and all this careful tendence of the poet did not reduce him to well-fed nonentity, though later it led to a natural reaction, a suggestion that he was vastly overrated.

Yet it could not be said of him, as he said of his blackbird,

"Plenty corrupts the melody

That made thee famous once, when young".

Some of his later verses are as certain of immortality as anything he wrote. He remained throughout his long life the supreme artist, the greatest artist in English poetry since Milton, triumphant over the all-binding power of commonplace. The public, of course, took to its heart his worst poems; but they are chiefly notable and noted because they form so small a proportion of his work.

The notes in the new edition show partly how he made himself, though they were wrung out of his unwillingness by the zealous labours of a crowd of commentators. He had communed widely and deeply with the poetic voices of the past. He saw his own immediate experience, as every true poet must, sub specie æternitatis, but he weighed it and revalued it in its relation to the accumulated experience of generations. He was Homer's scholar and Virgil's, Shakespeare's and Milton's. Often—unconsciously, we think—he selects the very same adjective as his great predecessors. He is in the great tradition.

He speaks, as Shakespeare does, of "heavy ignorance", and that is the thing which disqualifies his latest critics and depreciators. They do not believe in traditions; they have their small gods of to-day, and know little of the great utterance of the past. Their oracles are easy, neither offering nor demanding much exercise for the brain. Ignoring the finest revelations of beauty which belong to the world, they rediscover ancient things, and seek clumsily to reproduce them. They would destroy when they cannot build up.

We hate poetry, said Keats, that has a design upon us, and we do not intend to talk about the "message"

of Tennyson, his strangely varying thoughts on fate and religion. One thing pre-eminently the present world may gather from him: that the English language is a glorious instrument when it is properly used! An earlier generation made, perhaps, too much of the mot juste and of French models, and pushed style to the verge of preciosity. But this exaggeration was far preferable to the sloppy, untidy verbiage which is now accounted English. Horace taught us at school not to censure a thing just because it is recent, but we are bound to protest against the increasingly formless work—in prose and poetry alike—which is being produced to-day and which is called great because it is grotesque, and strong because it is violent. Instinct in language, as in other things, can do much, but it cannot make up entirely for the discipline which comes from taste and knowledge. Not to speak of the amazing twaddle which now gets into print, we saw lately in the admired verse of a modern poet—we take the phrase at random—eyes credited with "ophthalmic eaves".

Tennyson could never have written that. He did not work in a hurry. He did not use words merely for their sound; he did not take bedizened platitude for wisdom; he did not shriek to persuade the world that he had something to say. A scholar trained in the language which restrains an indecent exposure of flashy, ill-formed adjectives, he was at once an innovator (especially in the compound words which English for some odd reason has unduly shirked) and a reviver of the best which had fallen into desuetude; and in both ways a "lord of language", not a master of amplification, like a best-selling novelist. Virgil's scholar, the iconoclasts cry, cannot be original. But Dante was Virgil's scholar too—Dante, whose tremendous originality built a new heaven and hell. Tennyson gave us patriotic poetry worthy of the name; he brought the wonders of science out of the stuffy atmosphere of pedantry which is perpetually closing over them. Science, philosophy, the lore of the classics—these are not for all readers.

Tennyson has besides an immediate and compelling claim on every Englishman. With precise and delicate art he pictured bird and flower and stream; he immortalised that unapproachable charm of English country which was a familiar joy to a past century, and which a restless and feverish age is endeavouring clumsily to recapture.

Do not let us pay any further heed to the boobies who label him middle-class and Victorian; and who affect that he was too prosperous and too much of a peer and a Conservative to be a poet. We had better, if we wish to belittle Tennyson, go back to poor old Christopher North, who had some vigour and could whack.

CONDER.

"Charles Conder, his Life and Work." By Frank Gibson.
 With a Catalogue of Lithographs and Etchings by
 Campbell Dodgson. 121 Illustrations. Lane. 21s.
 net.

CONDER'S art will most certainly live in the future for the two great artistic qualities alone which it possesses—namely, colour and poetry." Even the most tempered admirers of Charles Conder will consider that his biographer's estimate of the great qualities his art shows is too modest. For ourselves, we should prophecy that if Conder's art possesses no more than colour and poetry it will most certainly not live in the future. For sentiment and colour alone do not bring it off; they take a picture no further than immediate popularity. Mr. Gibson, in crediting Conder's art with no other great quality, overlooks that which in Conder is more indispensable than, and certainly as remarkable as, his colour—his genius for silhouette and spacing. His poetry is a slighter presence, as we readily feel when we compare him, say, with Watteau. At the bottom of his mind there was a sediment of vulgarity which, when stirred up, clouds the purity and beauty of his art. Even his landscapes are not always safe from the irrelevance and bathos of this element. It is curious how weakness of this kind, reinforced by his incompetent draughtsmanship, reduce his

pictures, when seen in black and white illustrations, to the level of the feeblest Academy art. We are thinking at the moment of "Two Nymphs in a Garden", included in this book, which but for its inaccuracy of drawing would pass for a Henrietta Rae.

Conder's of this kind will most certainly not live in the future. We have no ground for supposing that our descendants will have standards for esteeming old masters widely different from ours. And if we are really anxious to have some idea how our modern heroes will strike an age that does not view them through the pleasant, tender haze of personal feelings and partisanship, we must attempt the same dispassionate gaze. It is beyond reasonable contention that if we were resolute enough to wipe all preconceptions, all second-hand ideas and admiration from our minds and then come across pictures like "La Toilette", "The Garden Seat", "The Blue Sofa", "Les Baig-neuses", and Plates 103, 101, 99, 98, 80, 79, in the National Gallery or Wallace Collection, we should rank Conder with the weak spots and the "misfits" of either gallery.

We insist upon this side of his unequal art for a reason more profitable than mere detraction. The admirable appendix of the book before us contains a list of Conder's works in public galleries. Finding England, we discover that one black chalk drawing is all we have of his. Dublin, with seven examples, heads the list. The Louvre and the Metropolitan Museum, New York, each has a water-colour. However unsatisfying Conder is at his worst, at his best he is a rare and fine artist. We shall only wait till his good work is very scarce and costly to start trying to acquire it. But we should at least arrange that we ultimately get, not examples like those we have mentioned, but pieces that represent his highest in fan design, in silk painting, and especially in land and seascape.

"Apple Blossom, Dennemont" (Plate 10) is a picture, we should say, of quite extraordinary quality, combining Conder's wonderful subtlety of perception with his fine sense of decoration. Very few paintings of blossoming orchards rank with this. Then there are several sea pieces of the purest quality expressing his especial vision of magic loveliness. In his own field he is unsurpassed as a sea painter, and, as such, sure to live. As a fan painter he is best known and most completely displays his power. As a sea painter he is exquisitely delicate; as a fan designer he discovers a largeness and nobility of style that set him right above his followers and imitators. One of his most characteristic and beautiful fans is also among his earliest—the "Fan in Sanguine", owned by Mr. John Lane, that champion of British art. In a work like this Conder expresses something of Watteau's consciousness of hidden meaning and mystery struggling to declare itself. This is the Conder of

"Seagates of spring, blossoming rose and snow,
Floodgates of night, passion and vision of pain".

Mr. Gibson incidentally explains Conder's great technical shortcoming. "He seldom drew from life, but almost entirely from memory." But as he had never bothered himself to take life-drawing seriously his memory was poorly stocked. In Mr. Rothenstein's phrase, he was an incompetent draughtsman.

This book is plentifully illustrated; perhaps too many late examples are given at the expense of the finer period. The appendix has a catalogue *raisonné* of the lithographs and etchings by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, and lists of pictures and book illustrations. The list of Conder's exhibited works would be more useful still were it indexed; it is "a little strong" to have to go through some 500 pictures to find one.

"FAIR DAFFODILS—."

"The Daffodil Fields." By John Masfield. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

IT is used once only in "The Daffodil Fields"—not profanely, but in its literal meaning:—

"You come to tread a bloody path of flowers."

The word is now almost obsolete where once it reigned. Mr. Masfield has profoundly influenced our English

vocabulary in this respect. There are said to be regions where certain language of the people has quite gone out. Some of us have tried the experiment of repeating words and phrases over and over again till they come to lose all their content and colour. This seems to have happened with Mr. Masfield's word. We believe he has entirely driven it from more than one English village. It has come to be too polite for the coarse uses to which it was put. It is now a part of civilised English literature. We are told that, a copy of "The Everlasting Mercy" having slipped into a library where one would expect to find nothing less gentle than the tales of Louisa Alcott and Mrs. Ewing, a young person was distinctly overheard in a remark that a short while ago would have scandalised a field-labourer.

Mr. Masfield is wise to recognise the effect of his influence upon our English vocabulary. Having exhausted the significance of certain phrases he refrains from a further use of them. He leaves them to the innocent young people who can still find in them a relish of the unlawful and the violent. "The Daffodil Fields" is marked by a chastity of phrase all the more agreeable for its being unexpected. Mr. Masfield has had the masterly inspiration of surprising us in "The Daffodil Fields" by the phrases that are not there.

But "The Daffodil Fields" is not a poem of milk and honey:

"All the gold flowers are covered up with blood."

Mr. Masfield still follows a vein of deliberate brutality, running into an unimaginative extreme. There is too much bloodshed here, and mud, and dabbled blossoms. Always Mr. Masfield must underline and emphasise. We are too frequently aware of the clever poet carried upon tides of sounding rhyme. His exuberance is too literary. Mr. Masfield is clearly writing, sometimes when the spirit is quite still. Often we are aware of a fever of composition excited more by the clang of his verse than by the urgent impulse to fix imperishably something he has felt or seen. It is plain that many of these verses would not have been written had not the rhyme tempted their author into unnecessary images and incidents.

It would be unfair to Mr. Masfield to isolate lines and stanzas of this poem and use them for a test of its total effect. Only a pedant would submit Mr. Masfield to the trial of selected quotation and proceed thereon to judgment. It is not slovenliness in Mr. Masfield that makes him rhyme "far" with "aha"! but a contempt for the rules of his *métier* that frequently allows him, in the total result, his finest effects. We can pardon the lines in Mr. Masfield:—

"Her thought for Michael ran like glory and like
poison through his inner man";

because in the speed of his verse the absurdity of his phrase passes unheeded. In Mr. Masfield it is the rush of his lines, their momentum and energy, that makes his poem. Our only doubt, which often runs into certainty, is that this momentum is less the momentum of genius than the momentum of an extremely clever writer exploiting an amazing facility of style and emotion.

Curiously, it is again the sea that brings into a poem of Mr. Masfield a touch of undoubted inspiration. His tale of blood and tragically mortal passion at an end, he throws it for contrast against the immortal river running to the sea. The river, winding inevitably to the deep, becomes an image of man's fate flung, for contrast, in the manner of Thomas Hardy, against the slow forces of Nature. If we must quote at all, let us end upon this picture of the creeping river:—

"Slowly it loitered past the shivering reeds
Into a mightier water; thence its course
Becomes a pasture, where the salmon feeds,
Wherein no bubble tells its humble source;
But the great waves go rolling, and the horse
Snorts at the bursting waves and will not drink,
And the great ships go outward, bubbling to the
brink;
Outward with men, with men upon them, stretched
in line,

Handling the halliards, to the ocean gates,
Where fleeting windflaws fill the air with brine,
And all the ocean opens. Then the mates
Cry, and the sunburnt crew no longer waits,
But sing triumphant and the topsail fills
To this old tale of woe among the daffodils."

IN A BROWN STUDY.

"Here are Ladies." By James Stephens. Macmillan.
5s. net.

"I 'M thinking by the mercy of God", said the beggar in Synge's first play, "it's few sees anything but them is blind for a space."

When we read Mr. Stephens' new book these words of the Irish dramatist came readily to mind. There, in a volume of prose studies, stories, and verses, we were in the midst of speculations and inquiries. Touching the form of beauty and the robes of wisdom, we found that the things themselves were elusive and quick to escape. The author, it seemed, had done much to whet our appetites and little to satisfy them, and, when we remembered our finding of his "Crock of Gold", there was a feeling of annoyance. In that other book he had given in full measure the many wonderful ideas of a ready vision, but in his latest work there were reticences, pauses, efforts, and, in short, a general lack of self-confidence. For all this we believe, however, there is good and enough reason. Mr. Stephens is thinking; perhaps, even, some blindness has been upon him, but it has not been that form which too often follows a success. It would be idle to deny that we loved the exuberant spirit in which he once wrote, yet in his new hesitancy is the sure pledge that he is on the right way towards achieving the sight of certain truths.

Although it has often been said that in the ancient times Ireland was so full of saints and sages and poets and wise women that there was scarce standing room for a commonplace person, it is not thought that they left behind them any treatise on the perfect system of matrimony. Indeed, it is likely that they knew less about this matter than did most of those who were vulgar and lacked learning, but we are forced to notice their omission, since Mr. Stephens is busy in repairing it. Husbands, wives, lovers, and casual interlopers on the married state, are the persons whom he has chiefly studied. Opening by some verses on the unkindness of women, he goes straight to tell of the misadventures of three stupid men, and, if he throws no great light on the situation, he at least sets us to think along his own train of thoughts. He abhors the stagnant philosophy which tells us that a twirling of the thumbs is the way to make the best of a bad job, and he seems to know that a puddle breeds more diseases than an ocean. Montaigne, we fancy, could never have got him to agree that the ideal marriage was between a deaf man and a blind woman, for his eager mind is always in search of the sounds and lights which make understanding. "Man is God's secret", he wrote in "The Crock of Gold"; "Power is man's secret, Sex is woman's secret", and if these things are so, there may be no end to his inquiries; but, all the same, they are worth following, for in a patient search there is something to be gathered by the way. In the book "Ecclesiasticus" it is written that "There is one that laboreth and taketh pains, and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind", but we do not see this fate in wait for Mr. Stephens. He is not quick in taking a conclusion, nor does he dig out thoughts with a laborious spade, but all the time he is evidently thinking.

Behind or in front of all the serious matter which is in this book we find the light of the author's unfailing humour. Once, in "A Tavern in the Town", it breaks through all the clouds, and Irish wit is turned on such matters as tobacco, dancing, the North Pole, the English, and poetry. It is all splendidly inconsequent, though it is mostly jesting with a purpose, and it comes at the end of the volume as though to remind us that the best people can still laugh, even though husbands, wives, and Nonconformist consciences infest

the land. In the little series of sketches, which he calls "Three Angry People", he has gone to the root of certain matters with a rare shrewdness which knows neither error nor faltering. Cocks of gold are not to be found beneath every bush, but there is much of the precious metal in the new book, and not a line in it which need discourage those who have believed in the author's good future.

OLD STANDARDS.

"Old Standards." By John Halsham. Smith, Elder.
5s. net.

TO anyone who cares about the best in writing it is something of an event to have a new volume from John Halsham. Between "Idlehurst", in 1897, and these "Old Standards" of to-day we can count but three volumes, and one of them was outside matters of general interest. Five volumes in sixteen years! Measured by the output of some of our polite philosophers, how inconsiderable it is. But regard it otherwise. Think of five volumes of which you would not wish a page deleted—five volumes revealing a rare perspicacity; an almost uncanny insight and sympathy, without a sign of "precociousness" or make-believe, written in the prose of a poet and with the humour of a citizen of the world. Regarded thus, Mr. Halsham's output is not so slight, and we do not know another writer of whom we should be prepared to say as much.

Unlike "Idlehurst" and "Lonewood Corner", the present volume consists of essays unconnected by any thread of narrative. Each one treats of some village or countryside aspect. "The Exile", an eviction, "A Servant of the Public", the postmaster, "The Omnibus", "The Clocksmith", "The Demagogue", "The Pension", "The Heat of the Day"—what pitfalls these seeming simple themes can be most readers know to their cost. But they are never commonplace in Mr. Halsham's hands. In fact, it is true—but not quite in the usual sense—that he writes divinely about a broomstick. Thus when he sets out to write of the village omnibus, and its journeyings to and fro to the town, it is of the omnibus and it is of its inmates that he writes. We are not whisked off on some pretence to Timbuctoo or the Great Wall of China, as one is by an author who feels his matter running thin and knows he must drag more ground. The paper dealing with the village postmaster is eight pages in length (and all too short), but it gives us a whole document of village life, and in no single sentence does the author depart from his theme. You may think at first that Mr. Halsham is the most desultory of writers, but you soon find that if you drop a sentence you are as apt to lose a step in a closely knit argument apart as some thought clearly and beautifully said.

In "Idlehurst" and elsewhere Mr. Halsham brings upon his pages characters other than villagers, and we confess to a pleasure in meeting them. In these papers they would have been out of place, but we hope we are not to lose sight of them altogether. Does an author receive no more visits from that neighbour across the common "with whom he had been on terms of the closest hostility" for very many years, whose watch was so erratic in its course and for whom he had to tell the time by the stars? And are we never to have another novel? In fact, we are greedy. We are grateful for this volume, but we want others, and we want the "quality"—but we still want Simeon Nye, Mas' Tully, Ben Hicks, and (most decidedly) Jesse Budgen.

We have said that this volume deals only with village and simple folk, but there is one exception. Here and there in the essays we have a glimpse of him, but in the paper which closes the volume "Nightfall" this "watcher", this "solitary" as one author calls him, is let stand more visibly before our eyes. As we read his few sentences of self-revelation, so poignant and so restrained, we unconsciously find ourselves thinking—"we wish Stevenson could have read this". Poles asunder as they are, he who wrote "Ordered South" and he who wrote "Nightfall" have the same serenity

and greatness of thought and the same gift of exquisite language. The one as much as the other it seems here impertinent to analyse. We all remember the youthful outburst as to the "playing the sedulous ape" to this writer and to that, but what confession have we—what could we have?—of the fires that went to make the spirit urging to those exercises? Nobody, we are told, could bow with the grace of "David Garrick", but we question if he learned it from any professor of deportment. So, too, with our author. Doubtless he has polished his prose; doubtless Oxford and Newington have done their share; but surely the truth of the matter is very simple: that he writes as he does because he is the man he is.

These papers were contributed to the SATURDAY REVIEW, and are now dedicated to one who was its editor for many years. These facts do not seem to this present reviewer a reason why Mr. Halsham's book should lose in these columns the meed it deserves. They would not have made him praise it against his judgment; shall he therefore not praise merely because it is a great pleasure and something of an indulgence to do so?

NOVELS.

"The Joy of Youth." By Eden Phillpotts. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' latest novel is bracing. He writes of youth as one who can enter fully into its glories and griefs. His novel is the story of two ardent artist-souls who, in spite of many barriers, were irresistibly drawn together. Loveday Merton and Bertram Dangerfield strike up an acquaintanceship in the cast room at the British Museum. Bertram is a painter, young, rich, and well-born, living in Florence—"Where else could an artist live?"—while Loveday is the unconventional product of a very conventional old Devonshire family. Moreover, she is engaged to one Sir Raleigh Vane of Vanestowe, a very proper young baronet who is, we are told, engrossed in sport, but who talks like a leading article. He is so nice in his language that he shudders at the expression "up-to-date". "Don't use that phrase, dearest heart", he cries to Loveday. "'Up-to-date'—oh, the rich vulgarity of those three words. They always make me shudder, and I see they have crept into the highest journalism."

Loveday finds herself stifled by this very particular young man and when a chance offers to go to Italy she seizes it greedily and learns to live, with Bertram at hand to help her, for the first time. Life expands in a glorious vista before her. But she still feels herself the prisoner of her word and would never have broken with the tiresome baronet but for the fact that, in her absence, he conveniently falls in love with someone else. From motives of loyalty he conceals the fact, and it is not until many chapters are over that the secret is discovered. Then Loveday, like a bird on the wing, flies back to Italy to her Bertram.

"I prayed Pan that you might want me to come to you", he cries.

And so they kissed each other, and "the kiss was so long as the whole life of many creatures that live on earth".

It is an altogether pleasant book, very exhilarating, while the pictures of Italy are as good in their way as Mr. Eden Phillpotts' pictures of Dartmoor.

"The Pomanders." By Arthur Fetterless. Blackwood. 6s.

It is a rare thing to find in modern fiction people whom we really like. Many of them are interesting, but uncomfortable, and most of the rest are merely tiresome. Here, however, is a novel with a group of characters whom we can only describe as lovable. Old Pomander, in good times, is as genial and noble a man as we can hope to meet in a life's march, and in bad times his nobility remains. The two of his daughters whom we know best are charming, and worth all the honest love that was given them. Their lovers, too, are good fellows, though we must admit that one of them was rather heavy and the other a trifle absurd. It seems

monstrous that the happy party should even for a time have been broken up by such a rogue as Henry Mac-kairn, but Mr. Fetterless wanted to show us that his people were of the pure gold which stands the test of fire. Looking at the novel critically, we see that it is a sentimental piece of work, but the memory of it remains pleasant, and for the sake of meeting the Pomanders it is worth reading.

"The Victims." By George Willoughby. Heinemann. 6s.

This is the unhappy history of a man and a woman who could neither sink nor swim. Inferior Bohemians made up the company in which they mixed. "You none of you know what Art is", cried one of the minor characters at the last. "You draw caricatures of each other in bar parlours and sneer at your betters—and one of you once had a picture hung in Margate Town Hall". Ralph Powis and Bianca were made of finer stuff than their fellows, but, because he had met her in a place of poisonous atmosphere, he could not resolve to take her into the open air. Their love affair, while it lasted, seemed too good a thing for the back streets of life, yet it had no roots, and the woman was left as one of the victims of the system which encouraged looseness. It is a sordid and senseless corner of the world which Mr. Willoughby has chosen to picture, but that he has carried out his task with rare skill must be evident to all who have made even a hasty passage through those quarters. His realism in matters of detail is redeemed from brutality by the tender way in which he treats Bianca's character and by his yielding to beauty in one or two descriptive passages. "The Victims" is his first novel and it fulfills the good promise he gave in his earlier volume of short stories.

"The Sorrow Stones." By M. E. Williams. Longmans. 6s.

This is a book with an unfinished story. Christopher Hawkrigg, who met his death on a South African battle-field, had scarcely even begun to realise the purpose of his life. He had been a scholar, but at twenty-three there was no guessing at his future. Miss Williams gives us a graphic sketch of him, and of his family and friends who were "statesmen," or yeomen farmers, of Cumberland. The boy, who cared more for books than for the land, gains his education with the local clergyman, and then from a northern grammar school passes to Oxford with a scholarship at Queen's. It is easy for him to love the old people who have such a mighty pride in him, but his difficulty is with the girl who had once been his playmate. Christopher's death puts an end to the book, but it leaves a note of interrogation to conclude the story. Does a man go back to his first loves, or does environment count for everything? It is a sad tale, but Miss Williams makes it graceful as a narrative and convincing as a study of character.

"Cake." By Bohun Lynch. Murray. 6s.

There are some pieces of proverbial philosophy which seem to allow no hope of happiness to a simple man. Among them we reckon that which says we cannot eat and keep the same cake, but the moral implied is really a bad one. It suggests, in fact, that we should deny ourselves fresh food to-day for the sake of stale food to-morrow. Mr. Lynch, it seems, sees the matter in the same light that we do. The "cake" of his story is a fortune which was left to the ancient and honourable family of Luffingham on condition they adopted the absurd name of Tibshelf. Wisely enough, they decided to swallow the money and to let the consequences take care of themselves, and in the end they had a double reward, for a dormant peerage was revived in their favour, and they were known for ever after as Lord and Lady Merriloe. It is an amusing little story, and as side issues there are the love affairs of a genial young artist and the misbehaviours of an impossible parson. The author appears to believe that the world is ruled by coincidences, so we cannot blame him for following his beliefs boldly. Anyhow, we are glad to find him attacking that dismal proverb which kept our childhood hungry.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries." By Marcus B. Huish. Longmans. 10s. 6d. net. 2nd Edition.

Rarely into a reviewer's hands—into any man's hands for the matter of that—comes a book so lovely in the handling as this one; we should say, after great part of a lifetime given largely to the curious, engrossing world of books, that a book so choice as this is as rare at least as the visits of Shelley's Spirit of Delight in his time of depression. Every illustration is here a thing quaint or exquisite, the pictures in colour of the samplers being especially dainty. Everybody who cares for refined needlework ought to be able to see this book, and one hopes that, in London and the large provincial towns at any rate, the Free Libraries are giving and will give poorer readers a chance, if they have not done so already. Everybody who cares for refined needlework and can afford to buy the book should assuredly do so. Samplers have always struck us as essentially pathetic objects—like old, faded love-letters come into alien hands—at least those samplers (probably the vast majority of those now existing) that have passed out of the family they belonged to. They are such lovely little lost heirlooms of humble families long since scattered and broken up. There is another thought that samplers often give one—what a lessening in education they point to! There was surely more true education in the making of these beautiful little things than in nine-tenths of the useless stuff crammed into young heads to-day in elementary schools. We hope this book will run through many editions and find that host of readers and admirers it completely deserves.

"Recollections of a Peninsula Veteran." By Joseph Anderson, C.B., K.H. Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.

Joseph Anderson's grandson publishes these pages more than thirty years after the death of their author. At any time they would be welcome. There is nothing otiose—no gossip here—in the book of this veteran of nearly ninety years. The narrative is clear, brief and restrained. We have always the happy sense of seeing things in the company of one for whom deeds counted more than words; who, nevertheless, respected words too well to waste them. His account of the battle of Talavera is Tacitean in its concision and force. This book belongs to a time before battles and sieges were "written up", and for that reason it is remarkably good to read. One looks regretfully back to the time when things were described as Joseph Anderson describes them in this book—clear statement with active imagination in the writer appealing to active imagination in the reader. In these days of discursive and interminable memoirs and reminiscences it is a sheer delight to come upon these three hundred pages of terse, heroic narrative.

"The History of the Royal Society of Arts." By Henry Trueman Wood. Murray. 15s. net.

The beginnings of the Royal Society are, in symbol, the beginnings of modern material civilisation. Francis Bacon determined that divine philosophy should leave the clouds and the schools and walk upon the earth. Men's minds in the next generation turned to material things—to that conquest of nature which has made our modern world. This resolution and this achievement the Royal Society has always typified. Sir Henry Trueman, talking of the Society's many activities, is bewildered by their diversity. Industrial hygiene, ventilation, saving life at sea, the invention of coal gas, the encouragement of osier planting, the improvement of cottages, the perfection of musical instruments, the curing of herrings, chimney-sweeping—what is the common end of all these things? Surely that very application of knowledge to material things to which Francis Bacon directed English thought in the seventeenth century. Sir Henry Trueman has written the first systematic history of the Royal Society; and it will be a long time before any one can hope to displace it. The author has been at great pains to make his history accurate and full. He tells the tale of the Society's activities through all its many years and branches. He traces the history of its constitution and its transactions. This is what Bacon would have called a "full" book.

"An Altarpiece of St. Humility." By Montgomery Carmichael.

This study in the reconstruction of an old masterpiece is reprinted by Mr. Carmichael from the October number of the "Ecclesiastical Review". Mr. Carmichael fears it will "have but little result except to show the immense difficulties attending studies of the kind". But researches of this kind are not always strictly measured by the amount in which they increase the sum of our knowledge. They reveal the taste and affectionate care of their author; and they add to our feeling for beautiful things of another age. Following Mr. Carmichael through the intricacies of his theme, we have always the pleasure of intimacy with a cultured mind; and we share the pleasure of his quest. Moreover there is here positive suggestion and accomplishment. The way in which Mr. Carmichael has used the Episcopal "Processus" of a Blessed to illuminate the puzzles of his reconstruction is not only valuable for his particular purpose: it opens an avenue. This use of the "Processus" may take us far.

"Mas' Aniello: A Neapolitan Tragedy." By Marie Hay. Constable. 6s. net.

At certain periods in a nation's history a great unrest amid the people, a crying injustice, a revolution or a savage war calls forth some man and cast him into the armour of a leader. It is the same with lesser States: they have their mimic strifes, their miniature Napoleons to waste their little worlds with fire and sword. Thus, long before Garibaldi, Mas' Aniello strove to cast the Spanish yoke with all its taxes and gabels from the Neapolitan peasantry. Despite a certain crudity of style, Miss Marie Hay has written quite a stirring little romance around her hero "Mas' Aniello," from the day he helped to burn down the toll-house to the bitterer day of his betrayal and tragic death. She knows Neapolitan history and Italian superstitions well, although her characters do not move quite naturally in her hands. Still her pen recalls an echo of Boccaccio and Petrarch and the ages of the Borgias and Medicis. There are marble stairways and old palaces and magnificent duchesses, pearl-coiffed and stiffly-brocaded, and Dantesque market-places over which there toll the solemn Carmine bells.

"A Vagabond Courtier." By Edith E. Cuthell. 2 vols. Stanley Paul. 24s. net.

Miss Edith Cuthell has done well to depict the life of "A Vagabond Courtier"—the fascinating, adventurous and intrepid German Baron, Charles Louis von Pöllnitz, who at times reminds one subtly of one of the "Imaginary Portraits" of Walter Pater. The life of von Pöllnitz is of unceasing interest, and Thackeray immortalised him in "The Virginians," where he meets Harry Warrington in the card-rooms at Tunbridge Wells. Not alone did he fight as a boy at Oudenarde and join the wild court of the Regent d'Orléans at Paris, but he journeyed to Madrid and to the Russias, and was everywhere received as a leading wit and vagrant courtier, fond of literature and fair women. In England he visited the Cocoa Tree Coffee House and quipped his jests over snuff with the first fops of the land; he saw the great Marlborough face to face and knew the mad, fiery Charles XII. of Sweden. His period is still redolent of a prim, old-world romanticism—the Georgian era in England, and Germany as yet ununited, full of Margraves, Princes and Electors. And what a charm there is in the character of Frederick the Great of Prussia, whom we meet so intimately in these pages! Frederick, the friend of Voltaire, who was so incensed at "L'Henriade," and who was wont to declare that "the more I know of men, the more I learn to love my dogs." Perhaps only those who recall his beautiful palace, "Sans Souci," at Potsdam, set with terraces and Greek statuary, where the peaches ripen on the old walls, and along whose narrow, polished galleries the great King would pace restlessly at night playing his flute before the sleepy attendants, and raging at them if they nodded till the early hours, can realise Miss Cuthell's book. But it does not require this recollection for the imaginative to fall beneath the spell of that tripping, gracious time of mignonette and rose pot-pourris which she conjures up.

"The Russian Novel." By Le Vicomte E. M. De Vogüé. Translated from the eleventh French edition by Colonel H. A. Sawyer. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

It is well that so imaginative a book on that Minotaur in modern literature, the Russian school, should be offered the English reader.

Russia, the land we for so long misnamed barbarian, that hotbed of creeds, beautiful as an ikon, has been sending us its dancers, its musicians, its poets, has been electrifying our exhausted world with its new strength, its half-awakened, pristine emanations of genius. And Russian literature is as the statues of Rodin; like his group "Le Baiser"—the most exquisite human passion as yet a little unrealised and set on a crude base, an unfinished block of marble. And Russian literature is young indeed. It began in the Middle Ages, but its classic period started with the poet Lomonsoff in 1739. Then came Pushkin and Lermontoff, the singer of "The Demon." Pushkin was an arresting figure, and, as the Vicomte so beautifully says, full of "wild African passion." He was greatly influenced by Bürger, the German classical poet, whose "Leonore" he practically seized into his own imagination and transmuted into Russian, and his life is that of a foreign Byron. Indeed, his "Eugen Onegin" is to some extent a copy of Byron's "Don Juan," but far inferior to the lampoon with its Italian metre and phrases of transcendent beauty. But then it is not the greatest poem of Pushkin; his "Prisoner in the Caucasus" and other pieces are on a far higher plane. Gogol, author of "Taras Bulba" and "Dead Souls," the author well defines as the genius and medium of Russian national evolution.

In him the melancholy underlying the Russian humour first find their epic expression, and after him came Turgeneff, the sad realist; after that, Dostoyevsky, the sombre prose Dante of Russia, preaching his purgatorial lesson of "The Religion of Suffering," which ended in producing the climax of Tolstoy, whom the Vicomte terms "Nihilism and Mysticism."

It is a striking book, and the scene wherein the Vicomte depicts the fervour of the Russian people around the death-bed

of Dostoyevsky is not easily forgotten. For if Russia be primal in its desires and longings, she appreciates what is great—her masters are not buried in indifference like Swinburne and Meredith.

"The State and the Citizen." By Lord Selborne. Warne. 1s. net.

This little book is issued from the National Unionist Association; but it is not Party-political. Lord Selborne writes of the English Constitution as a comparative historian. His book is almost entirely a discussion of Government by a single chamber. To abridge his thesis would give quite a wrong idea of the book, whose charm is in a lucidity and a logical cohesion of thought which any attempt at abridgment would destroy. It might be entitled an essay upon the necessity of constitutional safeguards. It is an exposure of the Parliament Act. As the Parliament Act appears in Lord Selborne's pages, so will it appear in history, when the destruction or temporary abeyance of our English constitution for purely political and party ends will be seen by all Englishmen in its true light. We quote a paragraph of Lord Selborne's book that clearly shows the line of his reflections. "That the will of the people", Lord Selborne writes, "is always a sure index of desirable legislation may be a questionable rule. But there are the gravest reasons for preferring at any moment the judgment of the people as a whole to that of an excited assembly of professional politicians with a majority composed of small bargaining groups. To this end the power of revision and rejection is vested in second chambers, not that the people may be thwarted, but that they may finally decide."

THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* Prof. J. H. Morgan, in an article bristling with footnotes, propounds a doctrinaire solution of the Ulster problem which will certainly not commend itself to Unionists. Briefly it is that Ulster should be given a certain measure of administrative freedom—powers over local government and education, and possibly police—subject to the control of the Dublin Parliament. This he regards as the extreme limit to which differential treatment of Ulster can go. Two striking articles on economic subjects are those by Mr. Moreton Frewen on "The Indian Commission and Silver," and by Mr. Edgar Crammond on "Financial Preparation for War." Mr. Frewen contends that the currency experiments of the Government of India during recent years have been injurious not only to the people of India itself, but also to the commerce of the world in general; while Mr. Crammond describes the growing antagonism between the international financial interests of the City of London and the Imperial interests of the British Empire. The rural problem is dealt with by the Marquess of Ailesbury, Mr. J. W. Robertson-Scott ("Home Counties"), and Mr. W. H. Mallock; Mr. R. Fleming Johnston, so well known in the Far East from his official position at Wei-hai-Wei, discusses "The Religious Future of China"; and the Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, an ex-President of the National Conference of Friendly Societies, thinks that a full-time State medical service will in time inevitably take the place of the panel doctors.

The first three articles in the *Fortnightly Review* are also devoted to the Home Rule crisis. Sir Roger Casement looks at the question from the historical point of view. His argument is that as the Union has failed to unite Ireland and Great Britain into one people, "an internal disunion so conspicuous based on an external union so illusory should tempt us to reverse the process"—that is, to try the effect of Home Rule. Much more practical is Mr. Maurice Wood's examination of the possibilities of compromise, and the Canadian view of the Home Rule Bill, which is given by Colonel S. H. P. Graves, should help people to realise both the justice and the strength of Ulster's resolution. Mr. J. M. Kennedy's denunciation of the Labour Party as a failure is a good corollary to the suggestive article on "Democracy and Representative Government," by Mr. John Buchan. Mr. Buchan holds that we are now assisting at the obsequies of Representative Government in the old good sense, and Mr. Kennedy points out that the Labour members have failed to represent the working classes with respect to a whole list of important subjects—Arbitration Courts, Conciliation Boards, national insurance, etc. It is also interesting to find Sir Robert Edgcumbe making a vigorous onslaught on the "Single Taxers" who wish to capture his own, the Liberal, party.

We directed attention last week to Mr. Maxse's article "From Bedford to Bogota," in the *National Review*, and the more thoughtful members of the Liberal party will be made equally uncomfortable by Mr. Ian Colvin's satirical demand for the whitewashing of Mr. Aislabie (who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Sunderland Administration which was wrecked by the South Sea Bubble), on the ground that he "did nothing for which nowadays he would not receive the condonation of a sympathetic House and the congratulations of a grateful party." All who are in any way interested in British East Africa—that wonderful "colony in the making"—should read the account of some of its problems by Lord Cranworth, who is one of that little

band of peers who have done and are doing so much for our most prosperous tropical dependency. Lord Cromer writes on "Feminism in France," and Mrs. Welby has a very timely article on "The Child and the Nation." She points out that in our eagerness to give the rising generation every opportunity, physically, mentally and morally, we have been led to tamper with the sanctity of family relationship, to weaken parental responsibility, and to substitute State aid for maternal instinct. The State has done much for the child: is any attempt made to point out to the child what it should do for the State?

In the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the Liberal member for Stirling, goes a step in advance of the majority of his party in declaring that "the question which is forcing itself before us is not the protest of Protestant Ulster, nor the demand of Nationalist Ireland, but the future government of the United Kingdom as a whole". In his opinion the Liberal Party is committed to a federal policy, and he scouts the idea of a conference on the Home Rule question as "asking too much of human nature". Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree, while protesting his impartiality, deals with the problem of "Rural Land Reform" from a distinctly anti-landlord point of view, and asserts that a material improvement in the condition of the under-paid country labourer can only be brought about by the direct intervention of the State. The Rev. G. E. White contributes a well-informed article on the *Alevi Turks of Asia Minor*, and Mr. George Lowther has a very true appreciation of the qualities of the poetry of Christina Rossetti.

The best thing in *Blackwood* is the outspoken article on "Character and Politics," by Mr. Arthur Page, who takes as his text the Zulu proverb, "Those who go forward in the battle may be killed. Those who go back will be killed." He very rightly points out that it is not men of brains but men of high character whom this country stands most in need of to-day, and he offers some excellent advice to the Unionist party as to the selection of prospective candidates. A delightful article of the kind hardly found outside the covers of "Maga" gives an account of "The Day's Work" of an assistant Collector in Western India, and "J. P." laments the passing of the West American Cowboy—not the cowboy of the romancers, but the cowboy as he really was. The writer of "Musings without Method" deals in his usual incisive fashion with the "Triumph of Bumbledom" at Bristol University, and points out the danger to Oxford and Cambridge of the "popular control" which we are nowadays told is essential to the proper conduct of all seats of learning.

The *Cornhill* opens with still another unpublished poem by Robert Browning, which is, however, not so characteristic as "Epps" in the October issue. Mr. E. Hallam Moorhouse prints some delightful letters from Admiral Collingwood—after Nelson, the best letter-writer the Navy has produced—to Dr. Alexander Carlyle, of Inveresk. These letters, hitherto unpublished, were discovered deposited in the Public Library of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Collingwood's birthplace; and very charming they are, but terribly, though unconsciously, pathetic. The characteristic of all the Nelson band, devotion to duty above all things, appears in every line, overcoming the writer's agonising longing for rest and for his home and family. Very interesting, too, are some of the anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington told by General James Grant Wilson, who was a personal friend of the second Duke, "the son of Waterloo"; and Dr. Stephen Paget's article on Lister is remarkable for the comparison he draws between Lister and Pasteur.

The *English Review* is remarkable for a short story—"On Tulang Shoals", by Herman Sheffauer—which recalls the earlier and best work of Mr. Joseph Conrad. It is curious to think how many short stories of the very first rank have their scene laid in the China Sea. A very serious indictment of the railway companies is made by Mr. Rowland Kenney, who saddles them with the whole responsibility for the recent great increase in the number of serious accidents, and asserts that dividend-making continually interferes with the provision of adequate safeguards against accidents to human life and limb. Mr. Maurice Hewlett contributes a poem—"Cornac, Son of Ogmund"—and "A Layman" accuses of unreality not only the recent Church Congress, but also the Church itself.

In the *British Review* Mr. Stephen Gwynn deals with the religious aspect of the Home Rule question, and asserts that the claim made by the Protestant population is equivalent to saying that Ireland shall not have self-government because the majority of Irishmen are Roman Catholics. An anonymous writer pours scorn on the Ulster movement. In his view Home Rule is inevitable: and "there will be no civil war, the Irish Protestants will submit to the inevitable". Two "Dramatists of To-day"—Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Galsworthy—are compared by Mr. Edward Storer.

Harper's Magazine has two interesting descriptive articles—"Australian Bypaths", by Norman Duncan, and "Unusual

Venice" (the Giudecca Canal), by Mary Heaton Vorse. There is also an excellent account of agricultural co-operation in Denmark and Italy, and Dr. H. E. Crampton gives a short sketch of his journey to the great falls of Guiana and beyond in the summer of 1911. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel "The Coryston Family" is concluded, and the shorter fiction is up to the usual standard.

Scribner's Magazine is a very interesting and varied number. The Archdeacon of Yukon tells of his ascent of Denali (Mount McKinley) in Alaska, the highest mountain in North America (about 19,000 feet), and Mr. Roosevelt describes the life-history of the African rhinoceros and hippopotamus—both articles being illustrated with excellent photographs. "Vernon Lee" contributes some much italicised "Notes on England", and Mrs. Wharton's "The Custom of the Country" and Mr. Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower" are both brought to a conclusion.

The *World's Work* has an anonymous eulogy of Sir Rufus Isaacs, who is somewhat unfortunately styled "a lawyer in politics and a great adventurer in life". The other articles cover a very wide range of human activity, from intensive poultry farming, the work of the "bridge-fly" and the Australian Press to "The Rights and Wrongs of Stage-craft", by Mr. Rutland Boughton, who gives an account of an experiment in "dancing scenery".

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

The Art of E. Blair Leighton (Alfred Yockney). Virtue. 2s. 6d. net.
Medieval Wall Paintings (J. Charles Wall). Talbot. 2s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

My Memoirs, 1830-1913 (Lord Suffield). Jenkins. 16s. net.
Madame Necker, Her Family and Her Friends (Mark Gambier-Parry). Blackwood. 12s. 6d. net.
Policy and Paint: Some Incidents in the Lives of Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens (By the Author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby"). Longmans. 9s. net.
Andrew Jameson, Lord Ardwall (John Buchan). Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net.
The Life of Florence Nightingale (Sir Edward Cook). Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.
The Maréchale (James Shahan). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
My Life in Sarawak (The Ranees of Sarawak). 12s. 6d. net; S. Bernardino of Siena (A. G. Ferrers Howell); Pius II: The Humanist Pope (Cecilia M. Ady). 10s. 6d. net each. Methuen.
The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton (by His Grandson, the Earl of Lytton). Macmillan. 2 vols. 30s. net.
Memorials of Cecil Robertson, F.R.C.S., of Sianfu (F. B. Meyer). Carey Press. 2s. net.
Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions (Arnold Haultain). Werner Laurie. 18s. net.

FICTION.

The Happy-go-lucky Morgans (Edward Thomas); Sentiment and Other Stories (Vincent O'Sullivan); Lucy Bettesworth (George Bourne). Duckworth. 6s. each.
The Hat Shop (Mrs. C. S. Peel). 6s.; Behind the Beyond (Stephen Leacock). Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
The Lovers of Mademoiselle (Clive Holland). Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
All Men are Ghosts (L. P. Jacks). Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.
Sweet-Scented Leaves and Other Stories (Violet Bullock-Webster); Mary's Meadow. Ludlow. 5s. net.
The Custom of the Country (Edith Wharton). Macmillan. 6s.
The Mystery of the Green Car (August Weiss); In Action (F. Britten Austin). Nelson. 2s. net each.
Mayfair Limited (Edward O'Sullivan). Melrose. 6s.
A Victim of Circumstance (Charles A. Löwenthal); A Social Innocent (Richard St. John Golphurst). Long. 6s. each.
The Grand Seigneur (Arthur George). Methuen. 1s. net.
A Tatter of Scarlet (S. R. Crockett). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
Subsoil (Charles Marriott). Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

GIFT BOOKS.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales (edited by Edric Vredenburg). Raphael Tuck. 3s. 6d. net.
The Book of Psalms (illustrated by Frank C. Pape). Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.
Wild Animals of Yesterday and To-Day (Frank Finn). 6s. net; King of Ranleigh! (Captain F. S. Brereton). 6s. Partridge.
Quality Street: A Comedy in Four Acts (J. M. Barrie). Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. net.
Jim Crow, Blobs and Sweep O! (M. A. Wigley). Bell. 1s. 6d. net.
Old Nursery Rhymes (illustrated by H. Willebeck Le Mair). Augener. 4 vols. 1s. net each.
Tom Brown's School Days (With a Preface by Lord Kilbracken). Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND ARCHEOLOGY.

Papers of the British School at Rome. Vol. VI. Macmillan. 42s. net.
Human Voices from the Russian Campaign of 1812 (Arthur Chuquet). Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

The British Empire Universities Modern English Illustrated Dictionary (edited by Edward D. Price and H. Thurston Peck). Syndicate Publishing Co. 21s. net.
Encyclopedia of Musical Terms (Edmondstone Duncan). Schirmer. 4s. net.

REPRINTS.

Health, Strength and Happiness: A Book of Practical Advice (C. W. Saleeby). 2s. net; The Great God Pan and the Inmost Light (Arthur Machen). 1s. net. Grant Richards.
A Text-Book of Music (Henry C. Banister). Bell. 3s. 6d.
Prose Dramas (Henrik Ibsen). Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. net.
Juanita la Larga (Juan Valera). Récits d'un Soldat (Amédée Achard). Nelson. 1s. net each.
Margaret Ethel MacDonald (J. Ramsay MacDonald). Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

English History Source Books: The Welding of the Race, "449". 1066 (Rev. John E. W. Wallis); From Palmerston to Disraeli, 1856-1876 (Ewing Harding). Bell. 1s. net each.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy of the Practical (Benedetto Croce). Macmillan. 12s. net.

THEOLOGY.

The Miracles of Jesus: A Study of the Evidence (E. O. Davies), 5s.; In His Name (Rev. Thomas Wilson), 3s. 6d. net. Hodder and Stoughton.

TRAVEL.

Scott's Last Expedition. Vol. I.: Being the Journals of Captain R. F. Scott, C.V.O., R.N. Vol. II.: The Reports of the Journeys and Scientific Work undertaken by Dr. E. A. Wilson and the surviving members of the Expedition (arranged by Leonard Huxley). Smith, Elder. 2 vols. 42s. net.
Thomas Hardy's Wessex (Hermann Lea). Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.
The Voice of Africa (Leo Frobenius). Hutchinson. 2 vols. 28s. net.
The Near East: Dalmatia, Greece and Constantinople (Robert Hichens). Hodder and Stoughton. 25s. net.
Gardens of the Great Mughals (C. M. Villiers Stuart), 12s. 6d. net; The Fascination of Ireland (L. Edna Walter), 1s. 6d. net. Black.
A Naturalist in Western China (Ernest Henry Wilson). Methuen. 2 vols. 30s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

A Vision of Reconciliation and Other Verses (Edward McQueen Gray). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.
Manson's Vision (Rev. Thomas Nield). Nashville, Tennessee: Advance Publishing Co.
Plays (August Strindberg). Third series. Duckworth. 6s.
The Epic of the Swiss Lake-Dwellers (J. F. Rowbotham). Cromwell.
Colombine: A Fantasy (Reginald Arkell). Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A British Dog in France (E. Harrison Barker). Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.
A Great Mystery Solved: Being a continuation of and conclusion to "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (Gillan Vase). Sampson Low. 6s.
A Hatchment (R. B. Cunningham Graham). Duckworth. 6s.
Art of Nijinsky, The (Geoffrey Whitworth). Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.
Bureaucratic Government: A Study in Indian Polity (Bernard Houghton). 3s. 6d. net; The Health and Physique of School Children (Arthur Greenwood), 1s. net. King.
Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, The.—Native Sources of Energy (Prof. A. H. Gibson); The Fertility of the Soil (E. J. Russell); The Life-Story of Insects (Prof. G. H. Carpenter); The Flea (Harold Russell); Pearls (Prof. W. J. Dakin); Naval Warfare (J. R. Thursfield); The Beautiful (Vernon Lee); The Peoples of India (J. D. Anderson); The Evolution of New Japan (Prof. J. H. Longford); A Grammar of English Heraldry (W. H. St. J. Hope). Cambridge: At the University Press. 1s. net each.
Evidence for Communication with the Dead, The (Anna Hude). Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
Fraud of Feminism, The (E. Belfort Box). Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.
Future of the Theatre, The (John Palmer); The Future of the Women's Movement (Mrs. H. M. Swanwick), 2s. 6d. net each; Municipal and Repertory Theatres (Henry Arthur Jones), 6d. Bell.
Measure of Our Thoughts, The (Reginald Lucas). Humphreys. 5s. net.
Our English Land Muddle: An Australian View (Frank Fox). Nelson. 2s. net.
Political and Literary Essays, 1908-1913 (The Earl of Cromer). Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.
Shakespeare as a Playwright (Brander Matthews), 15s. net; Milton's Astronomy: The Astronomy of "Paradise Lost" (Thomas N. Orchard), 7s. 6d. net. Longmans.
Slave Stories in Rubber Seeking (J. W. L.). Walter Scott Publishing Co. 2s. 6d.
Turkey in Agony (Pierre Loti) "African Times" and "Orient Review." 3s. 6d. net.
Vocation of Woman, The (Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun), 4s. 6d. net; Indian Nationalism: An Independent Estimate (Edwyn Bevan), 2s. 6d. net. Macmillan.
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.—The Hindustan Review, 10 annas; The Library. 3s. net; Deutsche Rundschau, 2 marks 50; Revue des Deux Mondes, 2 fr. 75; Mercure de France, 1 fr. 50; The Empire Review, 1s. net; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; The Westminster Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The Journal of the Imperial Arts League, 6d.; The Empire Magazine, 6d. net; The English Church Review, 6d. net; The Irish Review, 6d. net; Fry's Magazine, 6d.; The English Review, 1s. net.

FINANCE. THE CITY.

ANXIETY on the Stock Exchange has been intensified this week by the very unsatisfactory state of affairs in Mexico; but in the last few days a better tone has been observed in the market. This is attributable to a belief that financial assistance has been provided where it was required; in other words, that some important private loans have been arranged. The probability of intervention in Mexico by the United States Government is regarded with mixed feelings in the "House." It would most likely have a beneficial effect on Mexican securities, but there would be a slump in Americans.

As regards the monetary outlook, more favourable views are entertained in banking circles. American bankers have received a flat intimation that if they insist on withdrawing gold from London the Bank rate will be put up; but if they desist for a time the Bank will be able to go through the critical autumn period without recourse to the 6 per cent. rate.

Gilt-edged stocks have kept fairly firm, Consols having had some support from the Government broker. The high contango rate on the premier security was rather significant in view of the very small bull account and the probable existence of a larger bear account. The only feasible explanation of the high contango is that certain large holders have been making arrangements for loans in the Consols market instead of going to the banks.

International securities have been depressed owing to the prevailing sentiment in Paris, where the proposal to double the Bourse tax contained in the French Budget has naturally given displeasure, particularly at a time when financiers are very busy with preparations for loans amounting to a huge aggregate. France alone wants £56,000,000, and the Balkan requirements altogether are in excess of that total.

It is difficult to find any section of the markets in which rosy conditions can be said to exist. The Oil department is brighter than most, but even there the impetus obtained by North Caucasians seems to have spent itself, and the serious fire on the Roumanian field has put Shells back below 5. The strength has completely gone out of Rhodesian land shares now that the precise nature of the Chartered Company's scheme is known. Some years must apparently elapse before the benefits of the scheme can be felt. Then as regards Kaffir shares, the Goldfields report has caused keen disappointment. The market had been "going for" a final $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whereas 5 per cent. is declared, making 10 per cent. for the year, against $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the preceding twelve months. The amount of depreciation in the company's holdings, stated at £1,402,201, is staggering, and to provide for it £1,000,000 is to be taken from reserve, the balance being made up out of the year's profits. Unfortunately, there are no signs of an early recovery in the value of the company's investments.

Another disappointment was the J. and P. Coats' report. The profits, amounting to £2,903,000, show a fairly satisfactory increase, but instead of the dividend being increased, as had been hoped, there is a decrease of £50,000 in the carry forward after £500,000 is placed to reserve, this allocation being the same as for the preceding year.

(Continued on page 598.)

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"We feel that we have really met Mary and enjoyed the meeting."—*The Evening Standard*.

LONDON

ROUMANIAN CONSOLIDATED OILFIELDS, LIMITED

THE First Annual Meeting of Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields, Limited, was held at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, yesterday, Mr. Richard Barnett (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said that the report of the record of the Company's first financial year was one of steady progress in all departments, of difficulties overcome and success achieved. Notwithstanding the delays incidental to the establishment of a Company such as theirs, which had been formed to weld into one six undertakings, each with its separate organisation and management; notwithstanding the fact that many of the properties did not come under the direct control of the Company for several months after its incorporation; notwithstanding fires and other unforeseen events which had seriously retarded their production and development work, they had earned a gross profit of £110,577, equal to 10 per cent. on the issued capital of the Company. It was interesting to find that oil wells and refineries had alike contributed to this result, and that both sides of the Company's business had thus from the outset proved their profit-earning capacity. The profits, satisfactory as they were, would have been materially larger had it not been for certain forward contracts for the sale of crude oil and refined products entered into by the vendor Companies. These contracts had prevented the Company from reaping the full advantage of the high prices current during the past six months, but only a small proportion of the oil sold under them now remains to be delivered, and arrangements have been made under which the delivery of the balance was to be made at the Company's convenience so as not to interfere with the requirements of its own refineries. While the Company owned about 7,000 acres of petroliferous land in the richest oilfields of Roumania, and had been carrying out a vigorous boring programme in six of these oilfields, one field and one held only, that of Moreni-Bana, had contributed nearly two-thirds of the profits of the year, and one refinery, that at Targoviste, had earned the remaining third, for the Prahova Refinery at Ploesti had been taken over too recently to affect the year's figures in any material degree. He did not suggest that every oilfield would prove as rich as Moreni, but he thought that any unprejudiced observer, looking at the map of Roumania, and realising, however dimly, the extent and diversity of the Company's holdings, might ask himself, if one field and one refinery earned over £100,000 of profit, what were the potentialities of the future when one field after another entered the producing list and contributed its quota to the common store? As regards the disposal of the net profits, the Directors had adopted a conservative policy which would, he thought, commend itself to the approval of the shareholders. In the first place they had written off £26,883 for depreciation. This was a very generous allowance, in view of the fact that the properties had been purchased from the vendor Companies at prices which brought wells, buildings, refinery, storage and pipelines into the new Company's books at 20 per cent. under cost. The £26,883 had been arrived at by striking a further 10 per cent. off these fixed assets, 10 per cent. off the capital expenditure of the year, and the balance off plant and machinery, so as to bring this item into accordance with the inventory as on June 30th, 1913. In the second place the Directors recommended the writing off of the whole of the preliminary expenses. This might have been spread over 3 or 5 years, but it was good finance to deal with the matter once for all. They further recommended the transfer of £40,000 to reserve fund, which would leave a balance of £17,746 to be carried forward. The net result was that, while the shareholders did not receive a dividend on the present occasion, the Company's finances were being placed on a thoroughly sound basis which would, he believed, render practicable the payment of substantial dividends in the future. He had spoken at some length on the question of depreciation, and he might perhaps be asked if any steps would be taken to depreciate their oil lands, in view of the fact that oil producing properties were undoubtedly a wasting asset. The answer was that the area of land actually under exploitation was so small in proportion to the extent of their oil lands, and the lands themselves stood at so moderate a figure in the Company's books, that if any adjustment of book values were required it was in the direction of appreciation rather than depreciation. In the opinion of some of the most competent judges, their oil lands were intrinsically worth four or five times the price at which they stood in the books. Mr. Edwin R. Blundstone, their geological adviser, whose absence that day was due to his being abroad on an important Government mission, had estimated in a report to the Directors, dated the 18th June, 1912, that the Company's proved oil lands were worth £4,200,000, without taking into account the lands subsequently acquired from Moreni (Roumanian) Oilfields, Limited, or the extensive reserve lands of great geological promise. A new Company called the Chiciure Oilfields of Roumania, Limited, had been recently formed to acquire and work the Company's lands in the Chiciure-Gropi-Toncesti field. The purchase consideration was £150,000 in fully paid shares, and the parent Company was entitled for a term of years to take all the oil produced at market price less 2½ per cent. Excellent news had been received that morning from Chiciure Well No. 3, in the same strata and on the same line as the Columbia and Orion bug wells, had come into production. The water was perfectly shut off and the level of oil had risen in the column to a height of 1,082 feet. He was glad to be able to assure them that the recent conflagration at Moreni had not affected their property in any way. Every possible precaution had been taken to minimise the risk of further fires at Moreni-Bana. In conclusion he might point out that the financial position of their Company was a very strong one. They had no Debentures, Loans, or Preference Shares. Cash and liquid assets figured in the Balance Sheet (after deducting the creditors) at about £145,000. Of their authorised capital nearly £600,000 was available for future issue if required, and the subscription of one-third of this amount was guaranteed.

The report was unanimously adopted.

GOEBEL BREWING CO.

LARGER SALES.

THE twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting of the Goebel Brewing Company, Limited, was held on Thursday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Sir Henry Seton-Karr, C.M.G. (Chairman of the Company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. T. Toten Willock, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the Auditors, the report of the Directors was submitted, showing the result of the year's trading has been of a most satisfactory character. After making all necessary provisions the American Company has declared a dividend of 20 per cent. on its capital. This sum, amounting to £24,640 13s. 2d., has been remitted to this Company, and with the balance brought forward from last year of £2,673 7s., makes a total of £27,314 os. 2d. After deducting the necessary expenses in London, including Income Tax, there remains a net balance of £24,635 4s. 9d., which it is proposed to deal with as follows: first, by paying a dividend of 7½ per cent. on the Preference shares; secondly, a dividend of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary shares; and thirdly, by carrying the balance of £9,522 4s. 9d. forward to the credit of next year's accounts.

The Chairman, in formally moving the adoption of the report and accounts, expressed the deep regret of the Board at the death of their late colleague, Mr. E. Rawlings, an original Director of the Company, whose place, he said, had been filled by Mr. J. Smart, an original subscriber and now one of the largest shareholders. Continuing, he said: Gentlemen, when we met last year I ventured to hold out anticipations of more normal prices for materials during the then current year and increased trading profits. I am glad to be able to say that those anticipations have been amply fulfilled. Last year, in spite of the special difficulties then alluded to, we were in a very satisfactory position and able to recommend a substantial dividend. This year, as our accounts show, we are in a better position still.

The Chairman then dealt with the various items in the accounts and the recommendations of the Board thereon, which included the payment of a dividend of 7½ per cent. on the Preference shares and a dividend of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. Incidentally he mentioned that the balance of the Debenture debt had been repaid out of profits and that a substantial increase had taken place in the sales for the year. He proceeded: I am glad to be able to announce that we are now in a position to commence next year the payment of interim dividends. If all goes well, as we have every reason to anticipate, we propose next spring not only to pay the half-year's dividend then due on the Preference shares, but also to declare a substantial interim dividend on the Ordinary shares. Financial provision has already been made for this purpose. In reference to the general position and progress of the business, Mr. A. Goebel, our general manager, paid a special visit to London in August last, and held important conferences with the Board on the general policy to be pursued. It is the fixed policy of the Board to have a yearly interchange of visits between the London and American management. I can only repeat what I have said at previous meetings—and as the progress and prosperity of the Company's business show—that in Mr. Goebel, who is assisted by his brothers and an excellent staff, we have a manager of very first-class capacity, in whom we have absolute confidence.

Mr. A. E. Howard, in seconding the motion, desired to associate himself with what the Chairman had said with regard to their late colleague, Mr. Rawlings, and also with reference to Mr. Smart, who would ably succeed that gentleman.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

The retiring Director, Mr. J. Smart, elected in place of the late Mr. E. Rawlings, and the Auditors (Messrs. Monkhouse Stoneham and Co.) were then re-elected, and the usual bonus was voted to the management in London and America.

Votes of thanks having been accorded to the Chairman, Directors and management and staff in America, the meeting terminated.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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